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An Unauthorized View of Nelson A. Rockefeller

Drew Pearson said: "I predict the book will have a serious impact on the November elections—and could mean Rockefeller's defeat."

The book is *Rockefeller's Follies* by William Rodgers.

Nelson Rockefeller is the most visible member of the richest family in America. They own what is perhaps the most valuable residential property in the world (ten times the size of Monaco, where 25,000 people live). Nelson Rockefeller is the Governor of the most influential state of the union. He would most certainly have been President of the United States if he had had Richard Nixon's opportunity against John F. Kennedy. What kind of man is he?

This book shows that Rockefeller's bland public image is as false as the myth that his grandfather, the original John D., rose from rags to riches. There have been plenty of well-laundered biographical versions of Nelson Rockefeller's life. William Rodgers has had the tremendous courage to dig beneath the public relations surface in order to show what Billionaire Rockefeller is really like and how he and his cronies operate behind the scenes.

Do you know the story of how Rockefeller got into politics at the top through the influence of Judson Morhouse, now convicted of bribery?

Do you know how "the Governor of New York jammed through his legislature a bill involving the expenditure of several hundred millions of dollars of public funds to build unneeded roads which will add millions to the value of his personal property"?

The Terrible Neighbor

In this chapter "Pocantico: Dodging Taxes on the Eminent Domain," Rodgers demonstrates how tax favoritism "is extraordinarily loaded in the interests of the Rockefellers." You will learn why Rockefeller's home town library can't get funds to stay open more than 14 hours a week (the Rockefellers have their own library, of course). You will learn how Pocantico, less than an hour from New York City, is run like a feudal estate. You will learn why there are no public garbage collections in Rockefeller's area (Rocky has his own). You will learn the facts about why the great benefactor of the arts, medicine, and the U. N. is regarded as a terrible neighbor.

Nobody likes Rockefeller's 2% sales tax, but can it be determined whether the Rockefellers and the Rockefeller-owned Greenrock Corporation pay sales tax where required by law on items that you and other home owners have to pay 2% tax on?

Shameful Facts Revealed

When you read the chapter called "Con Ed's Big Con Job," you will learn the shameful facts behind the Storm King controversy. You will learn how Con Ed proposes to *add* to New York City's already terrible air pollution (at night, when people won't be able to see it), in a plan backed by Nelson Rockefeller. You will also learn about Rockefeller's own financial interests in Con Ed.

Do you know why some conservationists are privately very critical of the intermingling of family, personal, economic, and governmental power by Rockefeller in the conservation field?

Do you know of Rocky's pact with Robert Wagner, across party lines, to effect tax policies which are extremely harsh against low-income families?

Do you know of Rockefeller's bomb shelter mania and how much it has cost the taxpayers?

Do you know how Rockefeller has used his power to demean the courts of New York?

William Rodgers, like Mr. Rockefeller, is a liberal Republican, a newspaperman who has written for the *New York Herald-Tribune* and the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Divorce American Style

There is, of course, in this fascinating book another side of Rockefeller, the story of his family, his personal tragedy, and the poignant tale of Rocky, Tod, and Happy. The good that Rockefeller did as a young man is also here. But *Rockefeller's Follies* is a fully-rounded picture and does not hide what has been swept under the carpet.

Rockefeller as Highwayman: The Hudson Expressway Scandal

You will learn the shocking story of why the Mayor of Rockefeller's adopted home town, principal of Alexander Hamilton High School, felt forced to characterize Rockefeller's new expressway legislation (still in force!) as "a crass abuse of gubernatorial power by Mr. Rockefeller, whose family lands stand to increase in value while Hudson River communities are cut to pieces, while taxable properties are wiped out and all life irreparably disrupted." You will learn why N. Y. State legislators reportedly received "more protests against the Hudson River Expressway *Bill* than the *combined* response to laws establishing the sales tax, ending the death sentence, and liberalizing birth control restrictions."

Why does Rockefeller turn a Deaf Ear to All This?

You will find out how Rockefeller uses his vast funds to control the actions of seemingly independent legislators, how he exercises far more power over the lives of millions of people than is warranted either by his ability or his office. William Rodgers' book *Rockefeller's Follies* is in the great American tradition of muckraking, a nonpartisan (Mr. Rodgers is a registered Republican) exposure of the avarice of the very rich, and how much power and injustice a multi-billionaire can wield even in a democracy. The highly-respected *Publishers' Weekly*, in its advance review, reported to booksellers all over the country that in *Rockefeller's Follies* by William Rodgers "The charges against Rockefeller's public actions are made lucidly and with solid documentation."

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

The American Sickness

★ It is hard to follow events in this hot summer of 1966 without a quiver of doubt and foreboding. There is a sickness about. A murder of insane brutality occurs in Chicago; a berserk student picks off citizens with a rifle in Austin. Anger and violence seem just below the satin surface everywhere.

Is prosperity making America happy? We have the best cars and the worst traffic deaths; the greatest wealth and most frequent crimes. Our resplendent cities have malignant ghettoes; our national idealism is coupled with racial riots. We are proud of our sleek airplanes – they are grounded. We are fighting a war that racks the conscience. Listen to the airwaves, read the literature: they are filled with the rant of bigots and of charlatans selling spiritual quackery.

Everyone, of course, has a streak of violence, would like to bash somebody's face. As things grow more and more complex in our lifetime it is harder just to be normal. There is hardly a human relationship that hasn't altered profoundly; it is difficult to know what is expected of us. We have changed our ways of living, but we haven't changed ourselves. Our wealth constantly accumulates and always, along with it, our mocking frustration.

Possibly some good can be squeezed out of recent crimes. Somehow or other, sooner or later, civilian America must be disarmed. A shocked Congress might vote an interstate gun law, though we see Ronald Reagan is against it and Governor Connally of Texas is indifferent. In fast-drawing Houston, recently, we note, they have been having firearms "Saturday night specials": revolvers for the masses, costing only $10 to $12 dollars, but good enough to kill a President.

Wage Explosion?

★ If we had been a striking airline mechanic last week we think we should have voted against the compromise settlement the White House worked out, as 75 percent of the workers did. Most experts expected a "No" vote and it's hard to see how Mr. Johnson got himself into the trap and boasted of having won a "settlement." It hurt his reputation as a Wonder Man.

Three years ago the airlines were near bankruptcy and the union went easy in its demands. Along came jet planes and the lines zoomed into profits. Something like that has happened on a larger scale to US corporations in general. For example, between the first quarter of 1965 and 1966 the profits of *all* manufacturing corporations soared by 11 percent, while labor's increased take was only 3.5 percent.

As a fact, American labor's moderation (stimulated, no doubt, by unemployment) has been the wonder of the world, though labor has got precious little credit for it here at home. The situation couldn't continue. Labor wants its fair share of the pie but, as General Eisenhower's former top economist, Dr. Arthur Burns, recently said, wages have been falling behind prices. The "hourly real wage," he said, has "slipped." This can't last, he said, frankly. "I fear . . . a wage explosion."

Well, so do we. We think it has just begun. The US is in what Joseph Kraft aptly calls a "full employment crisis." There is desperate need for skilled workers. Only 25 percent of labor is organized, yet even if all trade unions held off in their wage demands the explosion would come anyway, from unorganized labor.

The airline strike is a good example. If you had invested $10 in Northwest Airline stock in 1963 you would have about $110 today. The company has twice split its stock 2-for-1. Other struck companies have done as well, or better. The labor force knows it. They know, too, that the airlines haven't shared their profits with the public in lower fares.

The theory of the now-all-but-defunct Administration "guidelines" was that inflation could be avoided, (a) by limiting wage increases to increases in output, and (b) by distributing rising corporate profits to consumers in lower prices. But the airlines didn't lower fares. The affluent automobile companies last year didn't cut car prices either. No wonder inflation came.

We have an idea that we are now entering an era of mild inflation that will last for some time. We don't like it; we oppose it. In the best of all possible worlds the government would apply the brake just enough to prevent higher prices, but we doubt if this is politically or practically feasible, particularly in wartime. We regard a high level of prosperity (like the present) with a slight degree of inflation, as a lot better than a curb so severe as to throw passengers out of their seats. Eisenhower did that in 1959. It is the traditional method of ending a boom in the United States.

However, the European countries have managed to keep booms going even though they, too, have had desperate manpower shortages. They have done it by making better use of the labor they had; by judicious tax braking and, yes – by accepting mild inflation. Nearly everybody agrees that this is better than putting the economy through the windshield.

Bribe to Eat Candy

★ We mentioned Dr. Burns, a conservative, whom we have always respected. He makes one point which we think eminently sensible. Probably it's too late this year for a tax boost. But why not, at least, he says, suspend for one year the 7 percent tax subsidy? This is presently awarded to business for building new plant and equipment. This was a subsidy – "capital investment tax credit" – that Kennedy gave business to help get the economy out of the cellar. It worked fine. But now industry is aloft and space-walking. It is falling over itself to get new plant and equipment to meet demand. It is borrowing money at an excessive rate, compounding inflation in its scramble, and threatening the nation with excess capacity and a slump later.

Giving business this 7 percent tax subsidy is like paying a child to eat candy.

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Fooling the People

The President has been traveling and talking. November elections are not far off, the war is not near to being "won," casualties are mounting, and the voters are anxious. Time to unfurl the flag. Johnson's speeches bristle with implications that dissent is disloyalty to our boys. "I had rather have these men [American troops] there," he says, "carrying that flag with honor, honoring their commitment, than to tuck in their tail and come running home." If everyone agreed on what is being honored in Vietnam and on the character and value of our "commitment," there would be no debate.

"Twice," the President warns, "we mistook our sheltered position for safety. Twice we were wrong. If we are wise now, we will not repeat our mistakes of the past. We will not retreat from the obligations of freedom and security in Asia." He means that since the Kaiser and Hitler (and Tojo) had to be stopped by force, America's safety now requires us to fight Vietnamese; for if we don't, we shall later have to fight Chinese, Russians, or both; Ho is Hitler, the Viet Cong menace the security of Asia, and Marshal Ky fights for freedom. A stirring story, but fiction. We are in Vietnam not to quarantine an aggressor and thus nip in the bud a general war. We are, on the contrary, transforming a civil war into a larger war.

When he is not misusing history, Mr. Johnson is slyly accusing his critics of turning their backs on Asia, of isolationism. Walter Lippmann and George Kennan know as well as the President that the United States has great power and great responsibilities. They differ with Mr. Johnson on how our power should be used, and where. A public poll would show little division in the country over whether freedom is worth fighting for. It would show sharp differences over the exportability of freedom and over the relevance of our Bill of Rights to Vietnam. Likewise, no one doubts the value of stability in Asia; but reasonable men disagree over how to get it. The President and his spokesmen lecture, moralize and strike at straw men, but they do not come to terms with the real points the critics have been making.

► However powerful or persuaded it may be of its own good intentions, no nation serves its best interests when it arrogates to itself the right to determine by force another nation's internal development. In the not-so-long run, American troops will leave Vietnam. Then, it will probably not be our Vietnamese collaborators who rule. "Aggression" was not a misnomer as applied to Nazi Germany or Korea; it is a misnomer as applied to Vietnam. South Vietnam is a divided area (the

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Viet Cong controlling most of it) in a divided country. No clear line separates friend and foe. Both the Vietnamese who are with us and those who are against us receive aid and comfort from outside, but until very recently, the only substantial foreign troops and supplies have come from the US.

► Excluding states that, for the moment, have been bought (Taiwan, South Korea and Thailand), our war against the Viet Cong and Hanoi has never had the backing of Vietnam's neighbors. Even our friends the Japanese politely demur; their minds are on peaceful commerce, and they remember the fate of their own military campaign to "stabilize" Asia. The anti-Japanese legacy in Southeast Asia is not yet spent; nor have hundreds of years erased Vietnam's suspicion of conquering Chinese. Anti-American outbursts in South Vietnam, not all of which are plotted by the Communists, are a cautionary signal. Insofar as the French are tolerated, it is because the French had the sense to make peace and leave. We plant bitter fruit in Vietnam. Children have been disfigured, families have been broken up, land has been made useless, hundreds of thousands have been driven to refugee centers. Mr. Johnson's "commitment" and Marshal Ky's crusade against Communism do not compensate for that.

► A responsible nation does not go to war except for compelling reasons of national survival, not in the atomic age, not ever. And when it does, it goes in company with allies, as in the two world wars and Korea. What could these compelling reasons be for the peasants of Vietnam? Choose, they are told, between being governed by Vietnamese loyal to the National Liberation Front, and US-backed Vietnamese in Saigon. The Americans have shoved the idea of "social revolution" down Marshal Ky's throat, but the Viet Cong offered one earlier. The American presence forecloses the one choice most peasants would gladly make – peace.

Spirit of '66

► We are supposed to be fighting for the independence of Vietnam, an objective too precious to be left to the Vietnamese. But the military junta in the South is an appendage of the Pentagon, and our bombing of the North is pushing Hanoi, however unwillingly, into a more dependent relationship to Peking and Moscow. In addition, air attacks on the North have raised the risk of direct confrontation with the Chinese, a risk that may become a certainty if Ky's advice is accepted and South Vietnamese or US troops enter the North.

► We are not in Vietnam because we cannot allow anyone to interfere with his neighbor. The US interfered in the Dominican Republic, and thought it right to do so. The Belgians are not letting the Angolans alone; South Africa is not letting the Africans alone; Egypt and Saudi Arabia are not letting Yemen alone; Russia is not letting East Germany alone. If the Viet Cong were merely piratical and despotic – but anti-Communist – Mr. Johnson would tolerate them; he might even cheer them on. The selectivity of our national "commitment" is underscored in the Southeast Asia Collective Defense Treaty of 1954, quoted by Mr. Rusk. The final paragraph of that document is titled: "Understanding of the United States of America." It says that in agreeing to respond to "aggression by means of armed attack in the Treaty area," Washington has only one thing in mind. "The United States of America, in executing the present treaty, does so with the understanding that its recognition of the effect of aggression and armed attack and its agreement with reference thereto . . . apply only to Communist aggression." We decide for ourselves what "Communist" and "aggression" are.

► Our self-entrapment in Vietnam has trapped the Great Society. The hungry war, to which over a billion dollars a month is given, must be fed first. The modernization of America is postponed, indefinitely. The deferral has immediate bearing on the rise of "Black Power," riots in our cities, the skimping on urban renewal, conservation, education, transport. We are not sacrificing all these for national survival; we are endangering our survival by the sacrifice.

► Finally, this war strains where it does not rip apart the whole fabric of our foreign relations. It has set back long-awaited progress that was being made toward im-

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proving our relations with the Soviet Union; it has constricted the flow of trade and ideas with Eastern Europe. It has mocked our allegiance to the United Nations, whose peace-keeping potential has been weakened. Ambassador Goldberg must be wondering why he ever took on that assignment. In every part of the world, there are problems and opportunities which, along with domestic reform, must be put to one side. The mind and money of Washington are on Vietnam. Intelligent and sympathetic friends abroad do not know what to make of us. Raymond Aron wrote in the July 7 *Figaro* that whereas "in 1950, West Europeans, at least the non-Communists, felt that the American soldiers were defending the Old Continent in defending South Korea, in 1966 most of them feel differently. Most of them are firmly against a war which is inhuman and which appears to them anachronistic. They ask themselves if the goal of preventing the expansion of Communism to South Vietnam justifies the suffering inflicted on the Vietnamese in the North as well as the South." "There is almost nobody left in Western Europe," writes another foreign journalist, "who approves or understands LBJ."

It is not Senators Fulbright, Morse, Gruening, Kennedy, McGovern, Nelson or Church who turn their backs on the world, it is Lyndon Johnson. The President's critics have more faith than he in consensus, an international consensus. If isolationism is being isolated, the President, not his doubters, is its agent.

World Court's Non-Decision

"A procedure of utter futility" is how American Judge Philip C. Jessup described the July 18 ruling of the International Court of Justice in the South West Africa Case (Ethiopia and Liberia *v* South Africa). Irate African states called it "incredible" and "manifestly unjust"; a jubilant South African Embassy in Washington closed down for an unofficial champagne party.

Among experts, surprise was the only common reaction, because the Court, in effect, decided not to decide on the merits of one of the most significant cases in its 21-year history as the United Nations' principal judicial organ. Nearly six years ago, the two African plaintiffs filed suit in the Court – whose decision in the case is legally binding – charging South Africa with maladministration of the adjacent territory of South West Africa. This real estate (317,725 square miles, almost South Africa's size) had been South Africa's Mandate under the League of Nations, but the South African government refused to place it under the UN trusteeship system, as was done with all other Mandates.

South Africa claimed in its 1961 written pleadings that the Court had no jurisdiction to hear the case. By a one-vote margin in 1962, the Court rejected this claim, freeing itself, most observers thought, to grapple directly with the main issues. Four years, 3,000 pages of evidence, and 300 hours of oral hearings later, the Court decided it couldn't do so after all.

The grounds for the decision were narrow and technical. Plaintiffs, the Court said, did not possess "a legal right or interest regarding the subject matter of their claims," which therefore were not examined. In short, the plaintiffs lacked what lawyers call "standing" with respect to the issues. The Court found no contradiction between this reasoning and its 1962 decision that the plaintiffs had sufficient "standing" to invoke the tribunal's jurisdiction.

The Court's ruling rested on the slimmest of majorities. Initially the vote was split 7-7 among the participating judges, one of whom serves as president of the Court. To break a tie, he is permitted a second vote. The current president, Sir Percy Spender of Australia, had cast his first vote against the plaintiffs; his second vote gave South Africa an 8-7 edge.

Jessup argued persuasively in a strong, 131-page dissent – his first in five years on the Court – that the decision is "completely unfounded in law." Laymen will simply question the reasonableness and fairness of evading the issues after such long, costly litigation.

Recent statements from Pretoria hail the decision as "a major victory for South Africa." In a tactical sense this is indeed true. But such language conveniently glosses over what the State Department on July 28 correctly called "the limited scope" of the judgment. It *does not* vindicate the system of *apartheid* in whole or in part, on legal or any other grounds. Indications are that Prime Minister Verwoerd now intends, nevertheless, to intensify the application of *apartheid* in the territory. It *does not* dilute the UN's existing legal authority to supervise the administration of the territory. This authority was confirmed in an advisory opinion delivered by the Court in 1950 at the request of the General Assembly, and the recent decision has no effect on the relevance of the earlier pronouncement.

The Court's controversial decision, along with deepening crises in Rhodesia and Mozambique, may soon force the United States to deal with crises precipitated by white minority governments in Southern Africa as one problem, instead of three.

South Africa

We quoted several weeks ago President Johnson's rebuke of that "narrow and outmoded policy which in some parts of Africa permits the few to rule at the expense of the many." That is America talking out of the left side of its mouth; out of the right side, Ameri-

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can business says something else – a point best illustrated in South Africa where US companies have direct investments worth about $500 million – roughly equivalent to US investment in the Philippines or in Belgium-Luxembourg, double that in India, and far in excess of commitments in any of the Scandinavian countries. Excepting Japan and Australia, American corporations have a bigger stake in South Africa than in any country outside of Europe and the Western Hemisphere, and these investments are soaring at the rate of about 15 percent a year.

In 1964, according to the most recent Commerce Department tabulation, 259 US firms were operating in South Africa, including virtually all of the industrial giants which dominate our own economy. At Port Elizabeth, General Motors manufactures Chevrolet, Vauxhall and Opel cars. Chrysler, which has been assembling vehicles at Cape Town for years, opened a $48 million production plant at Pretoria just recently. International Harvester, Singer, Burlington Hosiery and Pfizer (along with most of the other drug companies) have manufacturing facilities in South Africa. Add to the list several of our largest chemical, rubber tire and oil firms, plus all of the globe-girdling US banks.

Why are they there? Very big profits. In 1964, the last year for which figures are available, US direct investments generated earnings of nearly $100 million, equal to 21 percent on net worth, making South Africa the most profitable country for private investment in the world. Contributing to these exceptionally high profits has been a supply of low-cost labor. With government cooperation, colored and African workers have been upgraded into the higher skilled jobs once reserved for whites. Seventeen years ago, for example, 18 percent of auto assemblers were nonwhite; today, 60 percent are nonwhite. The advantages to the companies are obvious, since colored workers typically receive only two-thirds of the European-white wage, and Africans one-third. With such plums there for the picking, who will hesitate to harvest because of moral strictures from Washington?

Not only does South Africa offer high profits, but American business executives seem convinced – *apartheid* and African unrest notwithstanding – that the country provides a stable environment in which their investments are reasonably secure. The sheer scale of existing business investment itself offers assurance that the US government will not act "rashly" by putting too heavy pressure on South Africa to alter her "narrow and outmoded policy." US policy is also constrained by South Africa's position as the world's biggest producer of gold. According to Federal Reserve estimates, South Africa now accounts for approximately 70 percent of all gold production. Given the significance of the metal in the existing international monetary system, it is hard to imagine that Washington (or London, the other big investor in the Republic) will run the risk of jeopardizing the dollar by joining in any strong effort to induce South Africa to treat all her citizens with justice.

Teaching the Mayor

The comeback victory of former six-term Michigan Governor G. Mennen Williams over Detroit Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh in the Democratic senatorial primary August 2 was not unexpected but shows how hard it is for the new breed of big city mayors to aspire to Congress. Cavanagh is one of a relatively small but growing group of urban mayors with a special sensitivity to the problems of the megalopolis and to the new national interest which is focused on those problems. Five years ago, when he was 33, Cavanagh came out of obscurity to whip an incumbent mayor who was one of a long line of hacks who had allowed the city to become moribund.

Detroit had existed solely as a labor pool for the auto industry. Cavanagh showed unaccustomed exuberance and administrative ability. He revamped police department leadership, aware of seething resentment toward the police in the huge Negro community. He went after every possible federal dollar; urban renewal, publicly and privately financed, began to transform the grey and graceless downtown area. For the first time it seemed the mayor was running the town, rather than the other way around.

He read and took seriously his own national publicity, which was all good. Even before he was overwhelmingly elected to a second term last fall, he planned to run for the Senate seat held by the late Pat V. McNamara. Cavanagh figured that a young man who could make it in the urban thicket should head for the national scene, where the problems of the metropolis ought to be dealt with. He based his campaign on the need for a renaissance in the cities, and his own special urban knowledge, experience and success.

But it was the city – Detroit – that most heavily contributed to his defeat in the primary. A police scandal, probably not of his doing, dulled the Cavanagh image. A brief public experiment with a "stop and frisk" law jarred his relations with Negroes. Most important, Cavanagh never established ties with the AFL-CIO, the United Auto Workers and the well-oiled Democratic Party machine. Cavanagh won in 1961 without their help, and because he was a big-city mayor rather than state politician, the organization never took him seriously, never wooed him. Having gotten nothing from the Democratic-Labor organization, Cavanagh gave them nothing. Democrats pleaded with the mayor to let "Soapy" Williams have the Senate nomination and run

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instead for governor. Cavanagh defied them. He ran with open Republican support, and the angry Democratic chieftains promised to teach him a lesson. They have, but in a state dominated by George Romney, a valuable Democratic vote-getter is now lost to his party.

Back to Electric Cars?

Motor vehicles cause most of the air pollution, and to cut down on their spewing gas into the atmosphere the government will require manufacturers to build tighter exhaust systems beginning in 1968 models.

Even so, these devices will be imperfect because controlling smog presents difficult scientific problems which the automobile manufacturers chose to ignore until Congress stuffed regulations down their throats. Meanwhile, traffic increases and fuel consumption is expected to double by 1980. By then, pollution from automobiles and trucks is likely to be worse than ever.

This is a glum prospect. And there now is serious interest developing within Congress for starting off on an altogether different tack: that is, in developing another kind of motor that burns cleanly and could run a small car from suburb to city. This in turn has led to a new look at electric autos. They flourished at the turn of the century, but disappeared by 1930 because the gasoline-driven cars could go faster and cover more territory. Battery-operated cars were forever having to stop and get a new charge, which took time.

Since then, however, the life of the standard lead-acid battery has been substantially increased, and its weight reduced. At the same time, there is a wide market for compact cars, and there are hopes the pepped-up battery can be harnessed to drive a small car.

The Senate recently adopted amendments to the Air Pollution Act asking the government to look into electric vehicles, and the Public Health Service's air pollution division hopes to increase its battery research program. Senator Magnuson has requested the Federal Power Commission to give his Commerce Committee a full report on the feasibility of the electric vehicle; the American Public Power Association wants the government to subsidize a development program, and the electric appliance companies have research projects.

In England 40,000 electric vehicles are on the roads, and while most of these are short-haul delivery vans, several manufacturers have designed, demonstrated and now propose to sell small electric cars. (The price of gasoline in England is higher than in the United States, which would help make these vehicles more competitive than here.)

With a few exceptions, electric vehicles have thus far met with little success in the United States. Battery-operated lift trucks are used in factories; and there is a business in electric golf carts. The Post Office is experimenting with 50 battery-operated delivery trucks, but complains that the battery charge does not last for the length of the route. Every so often there are reports in the press that electric delivery trucks are to make a comeback, but they never do, and people who jump into this business come close to ruin.

Two months ago the Commerce Department pulled together scientists and businessmen at a private meeting in Washington to discuss the possibilities of electric vehicles. As on so many of these occasions, this one was taken up by representatives of the auto manufacturers complimenting each other. And apparently the government officials came away with the impression that Detroit was doing all it could on research and it was best to leave the auto makers alone.

The automobile manufacturers despair of the electric car. Ford, for example, says that to build an electric automobile comparable to its Falcon compact (a range of 300 miles and sustained speeds of 70 miles per hour), the cheapest thing would be to load a car down with lead-acid batteries. The resulting vehicle would weigh a staggering 6,200 pounds and cost $5,400. Ford, like the other auto companies, hopes for a breakthrough with other kinds of batteries and in the long run by developing fuel cells.

Recently I called up the Electric Storage Battery Co. in Philadelphia and arranged to go out and drive their electric car, a rebuilt Renault Dauphine called the Henney Kilowatt. This is run on 12 lead-acid batteries, the same sort that go into golf carts and fork-lift trucks. They last four or five years. The batteries are stashed away beneath the hood where the trunk is and take up all the rear engine compartment as well. I got in and turned the key on, then pushed a switch to the forward position, and pressed down on the accelerator. The car noiselessly took off, accelerating about as fast as a Volkswagen. The Henney Kilowatt can go 45 miles an hour, and it dodged in and out of Philadelphia traffic with ease.

The hitch is that the Henney Kilowatt can't go more than 35 miles without recharging the batteries and this takes 12 hours. And the car costs $4,000 to build.

Nonetheless, the Electric Storage Battery people are enthusiastic about the possibilities, and they have urged the government to take a more active role in research, and test out electric vehicles by adding a few to its large fleet of cars and trucks. Company officials feel that an electric car, designed from the ground up, could go 50 miles per hour and run for 60 miles before it was necessary to recharge the batteries. However, this company is not anxious to make a big public push for electric cars, since it does not care to disturb the existing market for batteries in Detroit. Ironically, the automobile makers themselves use a large number of bat-

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tery-powered lift trucks in manufacturing. They are cheaper than the gas-driven variety, and don't give off fumes, which are a serious business in a factory.

One of the officials at Electric Storage Battery put me on to John Hoke, a Washington scientist, who last year built a two-seat runabout that is pushed along by six lead-acid batteries, the same kind used in the Henney Kilowatt. Hoke bought a small car called the King Midget. He stripped it, then built in an electric power plant. The completed vehicle, including batteries and motor, costs a bit more than $1,000. Hoke took me for a ride in his car, and while this contraption will not win any awards for styling, it had enough pep to go up and down the hilly roads around Hoke's house, and made his point that an electric car can be made cheaply out of existing materials. (All the parts are on sale at the store). Hoke's runabout can go over 40 miles an hour and will run for 28 miles before the batteries need recharging. Charging is done by running a cord from the car to a plug in the house and takes from four to six hours. Moreover, he claims that if the latest solid-state electric switches were installed, he could get 35 miles from a single charge. Hoke has run his car about 500 miles, and it is costing him .675 cents a mile to operate it. This compares favorably with one penny a mile for a compact, and two cents a mile for a standard-sized car.

Even with its present limited range, Hoke's car meets most of the needs for running around in the suburbs, or commuting from suburbs into the city. (In New York City during rush hours the average speed for cars is 13 miles an hour; according to the American Automobile Association the average daily mileage is 26 miles per car.

But Hoke's car is jerry-built, and it remains to design and build a small electric car from the ground up. The English electric cars are dreadful to look at; but the Italians have several interesting designs for autos which will carry three passengers and their luggage in and around town. Some estimates suggest it would cost as little as $150,000 to design and build a prototype. The government might take on this job as part of its interest in making the cities more habitable. And in so doing, it might nudge the auto manufacturers into establishing a market for a second, inexpensive, short-range car for the family.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

The Lair of the Black Panther

by Andrew Kopkind

Montgomery

They say in Alabama that Black Belt soil is so rich a peg-legged man's got to run through it quick or he'll take root. For 200 years it has produced bountiful crops of cotton, corn, and poor Negroes. The profits go to an hereditary white gentry – a class of feudal flies in amber, fixed in a permanent state of moral decay and financial advantage. A kind of tranquillity is maintained by an elaborate system of controls: "white power" is the bullying sheriff, the segregated courthouse, the inferior Negro schools, the white bankers and businessmen, the Uncle Tom teachers and preachers. Demands for change are answered by foreclosures, evictions, loss of jobs, and violence. From time to time it is thought necessary to kill an "uppity nigger" or a white carpetbagger, *pour encourager les autres*. The gentry rarely dirties its hands; such tasks are performed by poorer whites who roam plantation roads in armed pickups or stake out positions from command posts in rural stores and gas stations. In their own way, they too are as much the victims as the executioners.

Of all the Black Belt counties, Lowndes is the very heart of darkness. There are four times as many Negroes as whites (12,000 to 3,000), but the blacks live in poverty, subservience and fear. The median family income for Negroes is $935; for whites it is $4,400. Until last year, not a single Negro was registered to vote. In 1964, about 118 percent of the 1,900 eligible whites were registered: there are a lot of dead souls in Lowndes County.

The median educational level for Negroes is 5.1 years of schooling; 80 percent of the people, black and white, are functionally illiterate. Elementary schools for Negroes are shacks in the fields. The larger Negro "training schools" are poorly staffed and equipped, and fall rapidly into dilapidation. In one, the "library" is a cinderblock closet in a drafty auditorium; the washrooms have the appearance and redolence of a Mexican railway station.

Jonathan Daniels was murdered in Lowndes last summer; Tom Coleman, a hanger-on at the courthouse, was acquitted in the case. Mrs. Viola Liuzzo was shot in Lowndes last year, not far from the place on Route 80

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where evicted farm families now live in a "tent city." About 70 Negro families have been forced off their plantations. They had committed the extreme discourtesy of registering to vote – and besides, most had for various reasons ceased to bring a good return to the landowner. Court cases to restore their homes have not proved successful. "For something so elementally inhumane, it's damn hard to prove illegal," a civil rights lawyer explained.

Most of the Negroes in Lowndes are sharecroppers or tenants, but some also have salaried jobs. Half of the women workers are maids in Montgomery, at $4 a day and a "little bit" for carfare: it is a 40- to 60-mile daily round trip. Farm hands get $3 to $6 a day in the planting season. Some Negroes own little plots of land; a few have small farms. But 90 percent of the land is owned by 89 white families. There is one major industrial plant – the brand-new, wondrously automated Dan River Mills textile factory, which employs no local Negroes above the menial level.

It is hardly surprising that the breezes of change which had been blowing through Alabama for more than a decade were late in reaching Lowndes. Its isolation was complete. Until demonstrations began early last year in Selma, in neighboring Dallas County, the civil rights movement seemed to belong to another century, in another country. Then, on the second day of the march to Montgomery, it was suddenly in Lowndes County.

A few weeks earlier, a small band of Lowndes Negroes had gone to Selma to talk with organizers in Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference and field staff from the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. They came home with the vaguest encouragement to "do something." Others in the county were entertaining similar notions, and without realizing it, they were a "movement." Jesse Favors, one of the originals, recalled: "We just decided to hold a meeting. One night we went from place to place looking for a hall, but everyone said, 'I ain't gettin' in that mess.' Well, I had to trick a boy out of a key, but we found a place, and we had our meeting."

Soon they were down at the courthouse. "The white people had a kind of bad attitude, you know," Sidney Logan, Jr., said recently in an interview with a SNCC newspaper, *The Movement*. "We went down and I said, 'It's come time for the colored people to get reddished.' The registrar said, 'Many of 'em?' And I says, 'A lot of them.' He said 'Y'all done get along all right with us. Y'all want anything, we'll let you have it. We don't want all those outside agitators in here.' I said, 'Well, it's time for all of us go get reddished now'."

Thirty-seven Negroes were turned away that day, but two weeks later two were able to register. That week, they formed the Lowndes County Christian Movement for Human Rights.

What has happened since then is a small triumph of democracy in Alabama and a large crisis for the civil rights movement in the US. Lowndes is the lair of the Black Panther, "a vicious animal, as you know," the remarkable local leader, John Hulett, likes to say. "He never bothers anything, but when you start pushing him, he moves backwards, backwards, and backwards into his corner, and then he comes out to destroy everything that's before him." Under the symbol of the panther, the Lowndes County Freedom Organization (a political parallel to the Christian Movement) has gathered thousands of poor Negroes into one of the most broadly democratic political parties in the country. Their immediate aim is to "take over the courthouse" – this year with the election of seven county officials, the next time by completing the slate. After that they can provide some services for the poor, and begin to think about more ambitious economic development – with taxation (Dan River Mills pays no county taxes, and most white estates are more than favorably assessed), land purchase, cooperatives, or any other means at their disposal.

Where "Black Power" Began

It all amounts to "black power" in its most logical sense, and it is here that SNCC's Stokely Carmichael first began using the idea. Politicians, editorial writers, and white (and light brown) intellectuals may argue about it in the North, but it remains an abstraction. In Lowndes, it is a simple case of Negroes having things their own way. Negroes were shipped to Alabama as slaves, and in the Black Belt they have always been in bondage. The Emancipation Proclamation changed little; they had been robbed of any sense of themselves, and they have never retrieved it. They are not "qualified" to lead or do the white man's work; they are not worthy of paved roads or good schools or running water or brick houses or the vote or a fair trial or the simple title of "mister." When they talk to the white man, they must scratch their heads and surround all words with echoes of "yes, suh, yes suh." Their natural condition is fear – of their own inadequacy as much as the white man's hostility.

The outsider can only dimly perceive how Lowndes Negroes live, in their paintless wood shacks, up the dark-red dirt roads and across the flat fields. "I was born and raised here," John Hulett said, "but until I started going around to talk to people with the movement, I never would have believed it myself." Families are huddled in small dusty rooms crowded with beds, a wood-burning stove, and, usually, a television set, for which they will pay an itinerant salesman for years to come. The better houses have glass windows; the

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poorer ones have wooden shutters that close in the darkness when it is cold or rainy outside. If there is anything on the walls inside, it is a coating of old *Saturday Evening Post* pages.

"On the Move"

The Black Panther organizers set for themselves the overwhelming task of changing both the psychology and the living conditions of the black people of Lowndes. Carmichael came in just after the Selma march. With the local Negroes, he fanned out from the first communities "on the move" into the reaches of the county. He would talk all day with people in their houses and in the fields, then try to get them to hold a community gathering or come to the weekly "mass meeting," which travelled every Sunday from church to church. It was hardly like ringing doorbells in New Caanan. The scared tenants knew that political activity of any kind would mean trouble.

Late last month I travelled with John Hulett as he went from house to house in the fields of Lowndes. The areas we visited were the least "organized" of the 21 communities in the county. It was oppressively hot, and the corn was burnt from lack of rain. Some of the men were away working in the fields. Others sat on their porches or on the beds inside looking at television. Women were fanning themselves quietly; even the children were subdued in this torpid season.

The people were "shaky," Hulett said. They were wary of "that mess" and of the white Northerner. But Hulett approached briskly and confidently. "Baby," he told a child, "tell your mother to step to the door." He introduced himself, and asked the woman whether she had heard of the Freedom Organization – "with the emblem of the black panther" – and whether she would register to vote when the federal registrars came to town. She was unresponsive. "We got to do something," he went on. "You know it, we need good schools and running water for our houses. We been pushed around too long." The woman nodded perfunctorily; "uh huh," she answered, in the way the people do in Baptist church services, but now with less faith. "You don't need to be afraid," Hulett said. "If we all stand together, there ain't nobody can turn us 'round." Hulett talked a while longer, then asked if she and her family would come to a community meeting at the church two nights later. The woman was noncommittal.

"They'll come, I think," he said as we left. "You got to go back to these people and talk to them about their problems. They know what can be done." Two nights later, at a ramshackle church in a stand of pine trees, the meeting had just begun when the woman and her husband – dressed in their Sunday finery – walked in.

It took the Lowndes movement eight months to form its political party. By last May, they were ready to enter politics all the way. Carmichael and the two or three other SNCC secretaries working in the county had always conceived of an independent, third-party structure. SNCC ideology aside, there was little point in trying to "integrate" the white supremacist Democrats in Lowndes (and there was no Republican party at all). More than that, there would be no enthusiasm from the Negroes for joining the political party that had kept them down for so long. "It's like asking the Jews to reform the Nazi party," Carmichael said. "It didn't make sense to join the Democrat party, when they were the people who had done the killing and had beat our heads," Frank Miles, Jr., another local leader said. "The Democratic party is full of tricks; white people control it," Sidney Logan, Jr., thought. John Hulett said, "To me, the Democratic primaries and the Democratic party are something like a gambler who carries a marked card around in his pocket and every now and then he has to let somebody win to keep the game going. This is what the Democratic party means to the people in Alabama. It's a gambling game. And somebody's got to win to keep the game going every now and then."

In any case, the Lowndes Democrats had no intention of integrating in even a token way. They upped the qualifying fee for political candidates from $50 to $500 just before filing time for county offices. The Freedom Organization set about its own primary. It was called for May 3 on the courthouse grounds in Hayneville (Alabama law stipulates that nominating conventions be held at or near a public polling place). By the merest coincidence, it was also the day of the Democratic primary: there were no easy ways out for the Negroes. If they wanted their own party, they would have to forget about the Democrats. The county sheriff refused to let the Freedom Organization use the courthouse. To make sure his order was executed he deputized 550 white men. Hulett (the chairman of the Freedom Organization) said that the blacks would come armed too. At the last minute, Attorney General Richmond Flowers and the US Justice Department worked out a compromise, and the Black Panther leaders agreed to hold the convention at a Negro church near the courthouse. But the show of courage was not lost on the whites. As the Negroes began to feel "like somebodies," the whites knew that things in Lowndes would never be the same.

They haven't. Nine hundred people came to the convention and nominated a slate of candidates: Sidney Logan for sheriff, Frank Miles for tax collector, and others for coroner, tax assessor, and school board members. There were no teachers, ministers or funeral directors among them; the candidates were farmers, construction workers and housewives.

Carmichael left Lowndes after his election in May as SNCC president. There are a few other staff workers

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still in the county, but much of the hard work is being done by the candidates and Black Panther leaders. None of them has any previous political experience, but they are boning up on the duties of their offices and they have learned political organizing the hard way.

The logistics of politicking under such limitations are formidable. There are no voting lists, no telephones, no address directories. There are no doorbells to ring, and even if there were, the population is not lined up in neat houses; it is thinly dispersed over a vast area (the county seat, Hayneville, is not large enough to be incorporated; the largest town, Fort Deposit, has 1,300 inhabitants). Transportation is difficult and often the Black Panther organizers cannot find money for gas. Potential voters would not know a voting machine from an IBM 1401, and most cannot read or write; the symbol of the panther is not only psychologically reassuring, it is necessary for voting.

Local leaders are trying hard to educate the people to issues; they do not want them to vote for a black man simply because of his blackness. SNCC has printed up pamphlets and political "comic books" to get the message to the farms. The latest one is called, "A Vote for the Lowndes County Freedom Organization Is a Vote for US." In comic-strip style, it begins: "Once upon a time . . . in a country called America . . . in a state called Alabama . . . in a county called Lowndes . . . lived a man named Mr. Blackman. . . . One day while walking by the courthouse, Mr. Blackman thought: 'Us colored people . . . been using our mouths to do two things . . . Eating . . . and saying yes suh . . . it's time we said NO. . . . Yes, it's time we get in this mess. . . ."

"We've Been Educated for Fear"

What it will all mean November 8 is still problematic. Already, there are more Negroes than whites registered (by about three to two). But intimidation by whites, sometimes blatant and often subtle, could cut into the majority. With a few exceptions, the ministers of this God-fearing (more accurately, God-loving) populace have not been "with the movement." Some are working against it, as are the hundred-odd Negro teachers who have been plugged securely into the white power structure. Many Negroes are still not convinced that black people are entitled to hold office. "We've been educated for fear too long," a young local organizer, John Jackson, told a mass meeting.

The movement in Lowndes needs to do a lot more than elect officials. Already it has become involved in the Poverty Program; the Christian Movement has a $240,000 grant for literacy and vocational training, but it is in a morass of political trouble. Governor George Wallace attacked the Office of Economic Opportunity for supporting "black power," and said that one of the movement's leaders, Robert Strickland, was a "convicted murderer." Actually, Strickland (at the age of 17, in 1940) had shot one of four white boys who had hit him and were chasing him into a house; he was sentenced to life imprisonment for "premeditated murder," but paroled after five years and finally given a full pardon. And the OEO grant was not given to the Black Panther party but to the Christian Movement, which is the only viable organization in the Negro community. But Wallace's main concern was that control of money and people was being taken out of his hands. Outside Democratic politics, his influence is cut.

Competing organizations of two classes of Negroes will make it difficult to replicate Lowndes' success. In other counties, even in the Black Belt, there are small "voters leagues" and civic associations, made up of professional-class Negroes and committed to the "national" wing of the Democratic party. In the primaries last May, they all did poorly; they could not develop mass support (even with the help of Dr. King), nor could they convince the whites to integrate.

More importantly, only 11 of Alabama's 67 counties have Negro majorities. Most of the Negroes live in the bigger cities, which still contain more whites. In those places, it would be extremely unlikely that Negroes could be elected to major political offices. SNCC workers say that they will still work to form independent parties in predominantly white counties, in order to have bargaining power for the Negro bloc. But if the major decisions continue to be made in Democratic primaries, it is hard to see how to apply the leverage.

SNCC workers are in several other Black Belt counties now, trying to form Black Panther parties in the ruins of the primary defeats in May. There are independent slates for the November elections in Dallas and Sumter counties, and work in Greene and Wilcox, but organization has been slow.

Although the development of third parties is a tricky business at best, and future results are uncertain, counter-examples do not offer much more hope. The well-reported "Tuskegee plan" – where a majority of Negroes voluntarily gave whites political control in order to win their confidence – seems to be foundering. The Negro organization, run by educators at the Tuskegee Institute and middle-class blacks, refused finally to endorse a Negro candidate for sheriff. He won without their support, and he knows that his constituency is the poor Negroes in the city and Macon County who see that "integration" has not meant much to them over the years. In fact, they have been kept down by both the educated Negroes and the whites. The politics of accommodation is breaking down. The hope for racial reconciliation assumed that whites would give up power gracefully if they were not harassed. That is neither good sociology nor good history.

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Stoned on Methadone

by Lewis Yablonsky

Two New York doctors, Marie Nyswander and Vincent P. Dole, last year announced the most "advanced step" ever taken by the American medical profession in the medical supervision of drug addicts. The Dole and Nyswander "breakthrough" was first disclosed in the Journal of the *American Medical Association* (August 23, 1965). Their article was titled, "A Medical Treatment for Diacetylmorphine (Heroin) Addiction." They reported: "A group of 22 patients, previously addicted to diacetylmorphine have been *stabilized* [italics mine] with oral methadone hydrochloride. This medication appears to have two useful effects: (1) relief of narcotic hunger, and (2) induction of sufficient tolerance to block the euphoric effect of an average illegal dose of diacetylmorphine."

In laymen's terms, this means that the use of methadone by heroin addicts appears to alleviate their hunger for heroin, and cuts out the euphoric effect of heroin on someone already under methadone.

The only significant professional dissent came from a nationally known expert, Dr. David P. Ausubel. Writing of the Dole and Nyswander experiment in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (March 14, 1966), Dr. Ausubel stated:

"I fail to appreciate how legalized addiction is any improvement over illicit addiction. Morally, in fact, it is much less defensible, because it indicates that society is actively abetting the well-proven personality deterioration and social demoralization that have invariably accompanied narcotic addiction over the past 350 years."

The executive staff of Synanon also sharply disagrees with Dole and Nyswander. Almost all of Synanon's residents (currently 600) are former criminal addicts who failed in other rehabilitation programs but have been clean (free from drugs) for periods up to eight years in Synanon. I convened a group of these ex-addict staff members for a discussion of the Dole and Nyswander report. Selected commentary from the taped interview follows:

Reid Kimball (a director in Synanon who has been free from any use of drugs for more than seven years): "Everything they say in their article is inconsistent with what they *must* know if they know anything at all about addicts. The first question that arises is this: What about the addict when he doesn't take methadone any longer? What has happened to him psychologically as he sucks on this orange juice and methadone? Does he magically no longer have the emotional nature of a drug addict? I would contend that he remains an addictive personality unless something else takes place.

"What's the difference in the nature of heroin and methadone addiction? Heroin was invented as an antidote and a cure for morphine addiction. This was undoubtedly an honest mistake on the part of the inventors of heroin. Heroin didn't seem to work out as a morphine-addiction cure. And of course the cure became worse than the disease.

"Twenty years ago methadone came out with supposed properties that would accomplish a cure with heroin. It didn't take long for methadone to become a common drug in the addict world. It was known as a good drug for addicts to use. In hospitals the 'winders' [the addict 'winds in and out'] came in regularly and hung around the shooting gallery [place in hospital where addicts get drugs] getting popped with methadone.

"Now I used drugs for 20 years. One of the worst habits I had sporadically was the ingestion of methadone. It is every bit as potent a drug as heroin, morphine, or any of the opiates. Even more so.

"If they wanted to get someone off heroin, *they could use exactly the same plan by using morphine!* [emphasis added.] They could keep the addict coming and taking a fix of morphine – except morphine has the property of not lasting as long as methadone.

"I've used methadone alone for as long as a year or a year and a half. I used it to the extent that when I wanted to kick my methadone habit, I went and bought heroin to taper down! When you get in the grip of methadone, and when it finally does leave your body, you go into withdrawals so excruciating you damn near die! It's that potent and insidious!"

Arnold Ross: "I used heroin for quite a while. There was one time I deluded myself into thinking I would do what these doctors are trying to do . . .

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kick a heroin habit by withdrawing with methadone. I bought some bottles of methadone. I paid $25 for a tiny 20 cent bottle on the illicit market. I started out by sincerely trying to taper down my heroin habit. I had to use an extra large hypodermic needle to get enough of this in me.

"To make a long story short, I used this bottle. In a couple of nights I bought some more and found out that it kept me in a very good frame of mind. The same thing happened to me that happened to Reid. I said to myself that I ought to be clean of my heroin habit. Then when I stopped using the methadone, I got a terrific stomach withdrawal. I couldn't go to work so I had to buy some more methadone and this was even more costly on the illicit market than heroin. . . . I had to go out and get some heroin to kick the methadone habit. You see, there is some kind of a stomach thing when you kick methadone. It got to be a stomach; diarrhea and every God-damned painful thing imaginable."

Chester Stern: "I've been an addict for 20 years and I'm quite familiar with methadone or dolophine. I've been clean now for over two years at Synanon. I would like to *validate* the *Time* magazine statement that if given enough methadone there is no need for heroin. This is true; you're quite happy with methadone. It keeps you very comfortable as a matter of fact. Remember, I've been at Lexington six times and I've been cured six times with the aid of methadone. I remember how I would try to sustain this cure. I would take as long as possible. I was extremely comfortable when they took me off my heroin habit and gave me that beloved methadone. The only trouble was, when they took away my methadone. The pain was excruciating. The marrow of my bones screamed!"

Reid Kimball: ". . . Dole and Nyswander have compared street prices of morphine with legal prices of methadone. They've done this by saying a $25 heroin habit can be stopped with 10 cents worth of methadone. The reverse is true also. My $25 or $50 methadone habit could be cured with 30 cents worth of morphine from the government, at cost. Do you know how much morphine you can manufacture for 10 cents? Five or six full grains. Morphine is cheaper to make than aspirin. You can get something like 20 quarter grains of morphine for something like 70 cents at a drug store under a doctor's prescription. It costs nothing to make. Ten cents' worth of methadone and ten cents' worth of morphine is the equivalent of $25 worth."

Dr. Nyswander was quoted in an article in *The New Yorker* of July 3, 1965 as saying:

". . . And we have to find out how very young addicts will respond to methadone. Several 20-year-olds are doing well, but we haven't worked with younger people. To make sure that we started with confirmed addicts, we tried to enroll only those who had been on drugs for at least four years. . . . We have to find out what the important factors in the treatment are besides methadone. Perhaps the use of the hospital as a temporary break with the street, combined with the encouraging presence of other addicts, is vital. And what of those addicts who turn out to be resistant to methadone? We'll have to find out whether their unwillingness to give up the 'high' of heroin is psychological, has to do with intolerance to methadone, or has some other cause. But, even with all the remaining questions unanswered, I'm convinced that we have reached a stage at which the treatment of drug addiction can become firmly entrenched in the medical profession, because there now *is* a medical procedure – a procedure that can be taught, that can be duplicated, that can be executed. Further research will perhaps turn up better drugs – drugs that will be even longer-acting."

In my opinion, this emphasis on drug-effect research rather than on changing the addict's behavior or personality is dangerous. Maintaining a person as an addict on methadone or any other drug of this kind blocks the possibility of behavior change. My own observation of many cases reveals that a drug user is almost incapable of meaningful learning. A hooked addict is a basket case, walking around in an emotional fog – without will, amiably saying or doing anything that will continue his drug supply.

One young man named Tony, who had been a recipient of the new methadone treatment, decided one day after six months on the program that he was being hurt more than helped. In Synanon, he began to kick the methadone habit he acquired in the "treatment center." On the second day of his arrival he taped the following interview recounting his methadone treatment experience:

"I started shooting dope on my 17th birthday. I went to the usual hospitals like everybody else – Manhattan State, Pilgrim State, Manhattan General, psychiatrists, private doctors. October 1965, my parents had me arrested. . . . When I got out of jail the first couple of weeks I started using junk again, as per usual. My parents had heard about this methadone thing. It was supposed to be a real groovy thing – help you stop using stuff and all that. So, I went down and they put me on the program the same day. This was in January of this year, 1966. They asked me the usual information, home life this

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and that. They put me on methadone, starting me out with a minimum dosage. I didn't even have a habit at the time, I was only out of jail about three weeks. I drank it in orange juice in a bottle. They told me I wouldn't feel anything if I shot regular dope. I didn't get high on it. I just cooled it. The methadone was keeping me straight. When I went on the program, I weighed 208-210 lbs. Inside of two months on methadone I dropped maybe 60 lbs. This methadone keeps you nauseous all the time. You are always constipated. I took laxative on top of laxative plus I didn't eat so I couldn't go to the bathroom anyway. When I complained to the doctor, he suggested vitamins and more laxatives.

"Long about the end of May, I told them I wanted to get off the program, they were pretty mad. They said I had stopped taking stuff – which I did – but I looked worse than I ever did when I was using stuff. I lost so much weight – so it just came down to that I got off the program.

"Now that I am off I am sicker than I ever was when I was using heroin. This was a good two and a half weeks ago. I had dropped about 70 lbs. in this program and felt close to death. Other guys I knew in the methadone program were even worse off. They had this other guy there – Johnny Scalzo. They had him up to 900 milligrams of methadone a day! The kid was like a mummy, like a walking mummy. You know, he seemed to have dug it. I don't know, it was pretty crazy to me. . . . Kicking methadone is not the same as kicking heroin habits. With the junk out there now you just don't sleep for three or four nights, and you get a little runny nose. With this stuff every bone in my body is sore. I feel like I got a beating the past two weeks, I am so sore I can't sit down, I can't lay down. I don't even feel like standing.

"While I was on the program, I worked in an A & P for a few weeks. But with the weight loss, you are so weak, you can't keep up a job. Makes you very drowsy. All day long you want to sleep. I really couldn't work very long. You are actually like a guinea pig. I stole a look at the charts they keep. They raise you, they lower you. They see how your body reacts to it. They give you a urinalysis every day to see if you're using anything else. When you come in to take your medicine you've got to leave your urine.

"Most of the guys on the methadone program think its boss. I talked to one a couple of times. He said he was working on and off and wasn't using. But if you see him walking in the street you would swear that he was a dope fiend 'cause he looked stoned out of his mind most of the time.

"When I left the program, I started to get horribly sick. I went out, I had some bread [money], I took it off my wife. I fixed five nickle [$5] bags of heroin. I didn't even straighten out. I was still sick. It could hardly help me. That methadone shit is murder, I'm telling you honest to God!"

Dole and Nyswander report that: "With this medication and a comprehensive program of rehabilitation, patients have shown marked improvement; they have returned to school, obtained jobs, and have reconciled with their families."

Now, the methadone addict *might* be able to do some menial work. Dole and Nyswander pay some of their methadone addicts to carry each other's urine to their urine testing center. But Tony's condition and his reports on other methadone addicts would seem to cast very serious doubt on the Dole and Nyswander statement.

Another question raised is, what constitutes a maintenance dose? According to Dole and Nyswander, they "stabilize" some of their addicts with 100 to 180 mg. of methadone. (Tony refers to 300 and 900 mg. daily dosages.) Pharmacologically, this amounts to five to nine grains of morphine daily.

My own view is that the experimenters are openly giving addicts drugs to gratify their addiction. They are shifting the addict from heroin to methadone. Dole and Nyswander do not mention methadone withdrawal sickness, except to say that they do not want to disturb their experiment's success by trying to withdraw one of their samples. If, in fact, the Synanon experts and Tony are correct about the intense severity of withdrawal from methadone as compared to heroin and morphine, it is well to contemplate this dimension of their "*cure*." Somewhere along the line, Dole and Nyswander have to bring the addict down from his high. Tony was extremely ill for several weeks in withdrawal. He later went into convulsions, and required hospitalization.

Dole and Nyswander's conclusion of cure would parallel the assertion that an alcoholic had been successfully removed from his addiction to gin and was now only using scotch.

Another negative effect of the Dole and Nyswander cure is that it has given the general public a false sense of hope. As Dr. Ausubel commented in his critique:

". . . If they [Dole and Nyswander] truly consider this 'only a progress report, how do they explain the unqualified statements made at the end of the article and how do they reconcile the three feature articles in *Look* ["New Hope for Drug Addicts," November 30, 1965] and *The New Yorker*, obviously prepared with their consent and cooperation, with the tentative nature of a progress report?"

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The New Partnership

Big Government and Big Business

by Richard J. Barber

Big business is getting bigger. This year more than a thousand corporations will be consolidated into larger financial enterprises in the greatest merger wave in the country's history. As a result the character of US industry is being radically transformed and the typical corporation of the 1970's is very likely to bear a disturbingly close resemblance to the General Motors Corporation of the mid-1960's. With 735,000 employees, 1.3 million shareholders in more than 80 countries, plants in 24 countries, and a line of products that includes autos, refrigerators, earth-moving equipment, locomotives, jet engines, and missile guidance systems, GM's 1965 net profit (after taxes) of $2.1 billion was greater than the general revenue of 48 states and its sales of $21 billion exceeded the GNP of all except nine foreign nations. Though its proportions are truly massive, GM is by no means exceptional, even now. Many other companies also are sharply increasing their sales (60 US companies reported revenue last year of at least $1 billion), enlarging their profits (82 manufacturers had net earnings of $50 million or more in 1965), and expanding their international commitments (American firms are increasing their overseas investments at a rate of more than $10 million each day). Simply put, the era of the huge, diversified, international company is here.

Just as fundamental changes are taking place in industry, so too are traditional government-business relationships being markedly altered. New economic forces are threatening to outmode the classic American antipathy to bigness. "From this country's beginning," Justtice Hugo Black said a few weeks ago in a Supreme Court opinion, "there has been an abiding and widespread fear of the evils which flow from monopoly – that is, the concentration of economic power in the hands of a few." But that attitude, however meritorious, conflicts squarely with what is going on in the economy and with present government policy. In consonance with the prevailing Administration consensus philosophy, the federal government – relinquishing its customary role as a foe of corporate size – is in fact now forging a New Partnership with big business. Naturally this has many troublesome implications, but certainly it means that one no longer can be confident that government will keep the exercise of private economic power within reasonable bounds.

At the moment 200 corporations (out of a total of approximately 200,000) control nearly 60 percent of the country's manufacturing wealth and occupy commanding positions in virtually all principal markets. Just 10 companies, with General Motors at the head of the list, reported profits in 1965 equal to the total profits of the next 490 largest firms. Already far larger than modern technology requires, these industrial titans, through internal growth and merger, are certain to increase their relative position even more in the immediate future. Internationally their power will be no less than it is domestically. In the past seven years US firms have more than doubled their overseas investment – it now totals more than $50 billion – with the result that the foreign sales of Standard Oil of New Jersey, Burroughs, Colgate-Palmolive, Mobil, and National Cash Register, among many others, often exceed half their total income. Within a decade a group of 200 American companies plus another 50 to 100 large foreign enterprises will possess most of the world's manufacturing assets and make the great preponderance of sales and profits, having as tight a grip on global industry as our big companies now have at home.

Last year a thousand companies disappeared through merger in the US, and in 1966 they will be joined in the graveyard by an estimated 1,300. Not only is the absolute number of mergers high by any standard of comparison (fewer than 200 firms a year vanished a decade ago), but a great many large firms are involved. In 1965 Pure Oil (with assets of $750 million), Richfield Oil (assets: $500 million), Consolidation Coal (assets: $465 million), and ABC-Paramount were acquired by, respectively, Union Oil, Atlantic Refining, Continental Oil, and ITT. Between 1948 and 1965 more than 800 companies with assets of at least $10 million each were assimilated into larger empires, mostly those ruled by

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the 200 biggest manufacturing corporations. At this rate Art Buchwald may well be right in thinking that "the whole country will soon be merged into one large company."

The sheer volume of mergers, important though it is, must not obscure the most striking fact of all: their changing character. At one time most mergers involved direct competitors, or suppliers and their customers. This is no longer true. Today more than 70 percent of all mergers are of the conglomerate variety, bringing together entirely unrelated firms. Horizontal – direct competitor – consolidations currently make up only 12 percent of all mergers, down from more than 30 percent in the early 1950's.

A New Kind of Company

Conglomerate acquisitions have carried many firms into widely diversified product or geographic markets. Borden, usually thought of as a dairy company, is heavily engaged in chemicals. Lipton Tea (a subsidiary of Unilever, the English-Dutch colossus) controls Good Humor. Hershey Chocolate has just entered the macaroni business. R. J. Reynolds, commonly associated with cigarettes, sells poultry, canned soups, catsup, and soft drinks. These and hundreds of other well-established firms have been broadening their product base through the acquisition of going concerns.

An excellent example of the conglomerate is International Telephone & Telegraph. For years engaged in the communications business outside the US (it still is, with 150,000 employees in its foreign manufacturing plants alone), ITT has acquired an odd assortment of enterprises, well described by some of their names: Hayes Furnace Co., Aetna Finance, Great International Life Insurance, Hamilton Management Co. (a $400 million mutual fund), Avis Rent-a-Car, ABC-Paramount (itself diversified, with broadcasting, theatre, phonograph record, and publishing assets), and Airport Parking (with parking facilities at air terminals in 59 of the nation's largest cities).

ITT is only one of an expanding breed of conglomerates. Gulf & Western Industries (from auto parts manufacture it has broadly expanded into mining and chemicals and soon will acquire Paramount Pictures), Litton Industries (which sells more than a hundred different products, ranging from adding machines to nuclear submarines), Textron, the FMC Corporation, and Olin have similar attributes. A few months ago the US Rubber Company changed its name to Uniroyal, explaining that fewer than half the things it now makes have anything to do with rubber.

Under the pressure of conglomerate mergers many industries are losing their distinctive characteristics. Electronics firms are aggressively moving into the publishing and educational product fields, as signified by RCA's acquisition of Random House (which previously had swallowed Knopf), the sale of D. C. Heath to Raytheon, Xerox's purchase of Wesleyan University Press (rumors now suggest possible merger with Harcourt-Brace), and IBM's absorption of Science Research Associates. From their strong base the computer companies will no doubt continue to diversify, subsuming publishing and educational hardware, and perhaps entertainment and broadcasting (CBS's purchase of the New York Yankees and its interests in Broadway musicals, notably *My Fair Lady*, is suggestive of future trends), in a single amorphous industry – one that does not yield well to traditional tools of economic analysis.

Many factors have helped bring about the conglomerate merger explosion, but one key explanation has been a rising stock market which has permitted mergers to be made on highly advantageous terms. Since most acquisitions take the form of an exchange of stock (usually tax-free), companies whose securities trade in the market at high price-earning ratios have found it particularly easy to purchase lower price-earning companies at relatively small cost. If, for instance, two companies, X and Y, have earnings of $1.00 per share but the X shares sell for $20 and the Y shares for only $10, a merger can easily be arranged that is mutually attractive. Y shareholders might, as one possibility, exchange each of their shares for X shares having a market value of, say, $11 (this gain in value is usually free of tax). With Y's earnings added to their previous profits, X shareholders could also reasonably expect their own holdings to rise in price in view of the market's tendency to capitalize their corporation's earnings at a higher rate. Exactly this kind of swap is involved in Consolidated Food's proposed purchase of United Artists, the nation's most successful film distributor. Under comparable conditions Litton, ITT, and other firms have made many acquisitions on highly advantageous terms in the last few years.

Although the largest corporations have lately been substantially increasing their already tight hold on the country's manufacturing wealth, primarily through conglomerate mergers, the federal government has provided little in the way of an antidote. Antitrust enforcement has served to check mergers between competitors (the merger of Bethlehem and Youngstown Steel was barred, for instance) but no such attention has been given to conglomerate acquisitions. Despite the fact they are now the most common form of merger (nearly 1,000 will be carried out this year) and can seriously lessen competition at the same time they increase concentration, fewer than one percent have been formally protested by the federal antitrust enforcement agencies. The green light is on and the race to diversify by acquisition is well underway.

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The government's unwillingness to challenge conglomerate merger is matched by its refusal to test the legality of established oligopolistic positions. The word is technical but all it refers to are those industries in which a few big companies account for most of the sales. In autos GM, Ford and Chrysler make 95 percent of the country's new cars; similarly, Alcoa, Reynolds, and Kaiser control about 90 percent of the aluminum market; US Steel, Bethlehem, and Republic produce almost 60 percent of the steel; Anaconda, Kennecott, American Smelting, and Phelps Dodge refine virtually all of the copper. In the same fashion a handful of corporations dominate many other manufacturing industries, with four firms accounting for at least 75 percent of the output of synthetic fibers, soap, salt, flat glass, metal cans, electric bulbs, and computers, to cite only a few specific cases.

Statistics aside, the basic economic significance is that in oligopolistic markets the big sellers come to recognize that it is more profitable not to compete in price. A classic illustration took place in 1956. That year the Ford Motor Company initially announced an average price increase on its 1957 models of 2.9 percent. Two weeks later, however, when GM increased its 1957 model prices by an average 6.1 percent, Ford promptly revised its prices upward to match the GM prices almost dollar for dollar (and Chrysler soon followed suit). Ten years have brought about no change in the situation. Prices for 1966 cars show the same intimate relationship, with dealers' base prices differing by only pennies on comparable Ford, GM, and Chrysler models. This kind of coordinated pricing occurs regularly in the highly concentrated industries. Official government reports reveal the receipt from supposed competitors of hundreds of sealed bids that are identical to the fourth decimal place in the purchase of steel, aluminum, electrical, and other products. The result is the same as if the producers conspired to fix their prices, but while this does occur from time to time, generally it is not necessary. As Chief Justice Warren put it, "an industry which does not have a competitive structure will not have competitive behavior." Yet no steps have been taken to bring about a less concentrated structure

Quite understandably smaller businessmen feel they are being discriminated against in favor of the giants when it comes to antitrust enforcement. Last May, for instance, the merger of two foodstore chains that together accounted for about 7.5 percent of sales in Los Angeles was held unlawful. Promptly after the decision was handed down, Donald F. Turner, head of the Antitrust Division, announced that he would challenge any merger between competitors having eight percent or more of any given market. While this may represent sound policy, if it is unaccompanied by action taken against already dominant firms, it means that other companies are forbidden to join forces at the same time that General Motors, US Steel, Goodyear, General Electric, Anaconda, and others of the top 200 are tacitly immunized from antitrust prosecution that would seriously curb or reduce their power.

The government's failure to take steps through antitrust action to block the growth of conglomerate firms and to deconcentrate those industries in which a few companies occupy commanding positions is attributable to a number of factors. First, the myth persists that enterprises become more efficient as they get bigger. To break up General Motors, General Electric, or US Steel thus would run counter to the public interest by destroying their supposed efficiencies of scale. Similarly, while it may not be desirable to let two direct competitors merge, it is thought that there is nothing wrong – quite the contrary – with the formation via merger of a sprawling conglomerate. The entry of Litton or ITT into a new market, so the argument goes, is likely to increase efficiency by bringing in aggressive management, adding capital, and letting in the fresh breezes of modern research. While these arguments are familiar to just about everyone who reads the *Wall Street Journal* or *Fortune*, let alone the *Harvard Business Review*, they are not generally backed up by empirical evidence.

Lack of Antitrust Activity

Many studies have shown that small and medium-sized firms, specializing in a single product line, are typically more efficient, more innovative (the great bulk of important inventions still are made, not in corporate laboratories, but by individual inventors or small research organizations), and quicker to offer new products and adopt new marketing techniques than their largest rivals. In the steel industry, for example, the two most important technological advances in recent years – the basic oxygen process (it cuts the time needed to make a ton of steel to less than a quarter of that required in an open hearth) and continuous casting – were first used in the United States, not by the steel giants, but by the industry's smaller firms. Nonetheless, many people continue to believe that massive, conglomerate enterprises somehow contribute to greater efficiency. Clearly this attitude, however inaccurate, seriously inhibits antitrust enforcement.

A second reason for the lack of really meaningful antitrust activity is that existing legislation is less than ideally designed to deal with oligopolistic industries and conglomerate mergers. Neither the Sherman Act (passed in 1890) nor the Clayton Act (last amended in 1950), though broad in their coverage, specifically was tailored to cope either with markets in which a small group of firms controls prices or with diversification mergers. As a result, while existing legislation can be

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used to reach these situations, it makes antitrust enforcement difficult and cumbersome, offering another excuse for the failure to bring the kind of cases that might have made major economic impact.

There is still a third factor and it is probably the most important of all for it places the issue in its political perspective. What is happening is that within the government there is a growing acceptance of business bigness as positively beneficial. Viewed in this light, the disinclination to use antitrust to deal with established dominant positions or to interfere with conglomerate mergers is only one incident of the New Partnership which is being formed by government and big business. This "new interdependence," as *Fortune* calls it, is the product of several forces, economic and political.

Government as an Ally

For one thing, business has prospered immensely under recent Democratic Administrations and has come to accept government as a useful ally. Stimulated by a consciously expansionary fiscal policy, the economy has grown rapidly since 1961, sending corporate sales and profits to record heights. Corporate after-tax profits for 1965 totaled $45 billion (up from $27 billion in 1960), equal to a return of 13 percent on net worth – the highest profit rate in history. And based on figures for the first quarter of 1966, corporate profits could go even higher this year. A booming economy, lower tax rates, provisions for larger depreciation allowances, and a generous tax credit have helped show that Democratic government can be great for business.

Billion-dollar expenditures for defense, space, and the Great Society provide additional reason for business' growing appreciation of government. This year defense procurement alone will exceed $23 billion. The cost of putting a man on the moon (and certainly we will not stop there) will be near the $30 billion mark, and most of the money will go to private companies like North American Aviation, Boeing, and McDonnell Aircraft. The Atomic Energy Commission continues to fund large amounts of nuclear research ($1.9 billion in fiscal 1967), much of it done by General Electric and Westinghouse, the world's leading suppliers of nuclear reactors. As well, key AEC installations, such as the Oak Ridge Laboratory, are managed, for a sizable fee, by Union Carbide and other concerns. No one knows for sure how much revenue the government's defense-space-nuclear programs generate for the nation's businesses, but for many industries, government contracts are essential to survival.

How crucial government's support can be is starkly revealed by the aircraft industry. When World War II ended the sales of the big military plane builders abruptly halted. At this point a benevolent defense establishment, in the fashion of the WPA, created enough work to keep them alive. Thus, in 1946, the Air Force – in a then-secret guideline (it was not declassified until 1960) – directed that "contracts [be] parcelled out among the old established manufacturers on an equitable basis so that they may be assured enough business to perpetuate their existence." Given this kind of cordial treatment, firms like Boeing, North American, Douglas, and Lockheed were able to survive until they entered the golden days of the 1950's when highly lucrative contracts for aircraft and missiles became commonplace.

Although the large defense-space contractors currently rank among the largest of all manufacturers, they continue to be so closely tied to the government that they still cannot realistically be viewed as private enterprises. Most of the major aircraft corporations – like Lockheed, North America, and Aerojet-General – are engaged in very little non-government work. For these companies defense-space sales account for close to 100 percent of their total income. Moreover, they often use government-owned plants and machines in carrying out production contracts. In a fairly typical case a defense firm will be supplied with more than 50 percent of its fixed capital and with as much as 90 percent of its working capital. Actual investment, therefore, is relatively small, with the result that profit rates can be unusually high (in 1965 Boeing's profits came to 21 percent of net worth, and Lockheed 19 percent – more than 50 percent higher than the profit rate for the 500 largest manufacturers.) So intimate is their association with the defense establishment that the big aircraft-missile concerns can most sensibly be viewed as government appendages, with roughly the same status as the Post Office Department. Given this relationship nothing could be more natural than for Air Force and Navy officers to put the supersonic experimental bomber, the XB-70, and other aircraft at the disposal of General Electric as part of the company's ill-fated public relations stunt earlier this year. The XB-70 and one other military aircraft collided in mid-air and crashed, with the death of two pilots and the destruction of the $1.2 billion bomber. Answering criticism that the planes should never have been made available to the company, military officials argue that GE – an important defense supplier – is simply a member of the defense family, and in many ways they are right.

Government's essential role in many defense industries is matched by the large part it plays in the nation's research. The federal government today supports nearly 70 percent of all research done in the United States. With annual expenditures of about $16 billion (more than it spent for all purposes during the entire nineteenth century), the government – especially the Defense Department, NASA, AEC, and the Na-

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tional Institutes of Health – subsidizes most of the research done by the universities and the thousands of nonprofit organizations as well as private industry. For all practical purposes American science has been nationalized and government participation is routinely expected. To cite an instance, when the development of a Mach-3 Super-sonic Transport (SST) was proposed, it was considered perfectly normal for the government to offer initially to pay 75 percent of the minimum $1 billion cost – now the government is expected to contribute at least 90 percent.

More is in the government cornucopia, however, than funds for defense and space. The fulfillment of Great Society domestic objectives creates nearly unlimited additional business opportunities. The renewal of our cities ($10 billion a year is a reasonable price tag), urban mass transit (the new rapid transit system in San Francisco will cost $1 billion), improved intercity rail transportation (estimated cost: $15 billion), the alleviation of air and water pollution (the latter alone could call for expenditures of $75 billion over 15 years), better medical care, greater educational opportunities, job training (ITT's Federal Electric subsidiary manages the Kilmer Job Corps Center, for an $11.5 million fee): all of this means billions in sales and profits.

Sensing the economic significance of government defense and domestic programs, big business has now swung its support behind the Democratic Party. In 1964 "Democrats became the party of the 'fat cats'," observes Herbert J. Alexander in his extensive study of campaign spending. Sixty-nine percent of individual contributions received by national Democratic campaign committees was in sums of $500 or more; only 28 percent of individual Republican contributions came in such large amounts.

The key element in the support of Democratic candidates – explaining the large percentage of big contributors – is business. Members of the President's Club, almost all of whom were company executives or their advisers, contributed at least $4 million in aid of President Johnson's campaign. Of the 4,000 1964 Club members 532 were in California, home of the biggest defense-space contractors and the state which accounts for about a third of all contract awards. In addition to individual gifts, the Democrats sold 93 full-page advertisements to corporations in their 1964 Official Convention Program, yielding another $1.5 million. Among the takers were several of the biggest defense contractors. If allowance also is made for the sums which came from corporations whose lobbyists bought, with cash, tickets at $25 to $100 per plate luncheons and dinners, business picked up at least three-fourths of the tab for President Johnson's election. And Democratic Senators and Representatives – and their Republican colleagues – have like cause to be grateful.

In return for its support, big business has received appropriate recognition. Within days after his 1965 inauguration the President held a dinner for a group of business leaders, most of whom were members of the Business Council. The Council, which rose to prominence under President Eisenhower and then fell into disfavor in the early days of the Kennedy Administration (ties were reestablished in September 1961), has once more been extended a cordial greeting at the White House. Its roster is a veritable Who's Who of big business (of its four officers, three are presidents of corporations ranked among the largest 100 manufacturers; the fourth is the head of the country's biggest railroad). With 65 executives comprising its active membership, the Council meets regularly with top government officials in and near Washington.

Science of Management

These contacts are strengthened by a steady two-way exchange of personnel. As did its predecessors, the Johnson Administration has drawn heavily on big business and its advisers (the Wall Street and Washington law firms in particular) to fill important policy-making positions at both cabinet and subordinate levels. One example is the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, created in 1961 by President Kennedy to monitor the intelligence community. So great is its authority that it is informed in detail about the CIA's plans and methods of operation, precisely the information which will not be given to any Senator or Congressman who does not sit on the existing oversight subcommittees. Yet, with the present composition of the Board, such details are regularly disclosed to executives of AT&T, the Polaroid Corporation, and Corning Glass. Much other valuable information reaches Robert Kintner, a high White House staff aide and former president of NBC.

The flow of personnel between big business and government is not one-way, of course, and many important executives in private industry can point to earlier public service. Retiring State Department diplomats or AID officials find homes in the companies with extensive international operations. Generals and admirals, by the hundreds, are hired by major contractors anxious to maintain good contacts with the services (Admiral William F. Raborn, former CIA director, is expected to return soon to Aerojet-General). These are well-known instances, but industry has also tapped government for experts in other fields, such as education. Francis Keppel, former US Commissioner of Education, now heads General Learning Corporation, a General Electric-Time, Inc. venture.

In the face of these various indicia of the growing intimacy between government and business – as reflected in procurement contracts, political contributions,

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and exchanges of key personnel – their old hostility is fast coming to an end. A new breed of corporate executive is on the scene, professionally trained and more oriented to the science of management than to the perpetuation of an ideology which looks upon government as intrinsically evil. The modern company officer accepts government (much like he accepts the labor union) and works actively with it, seeking to take full advantage of the opportunities it offers and striving to influence the policies it adopts. This new attitude toward government comes as a shock to the old conservatives. Barry Goldwater, no doubt reflecting the opinion of many small businessmen, sarcastically views big business leaders as "money manipulators" who are "willing to do almost anything for the dollar."

Checking Corporate Power

No assessment of the New Partnership would be complete, however, without an effort to identify some of its larger implications. One thing should be clear: if not restrained, the giant corporations, which, under prevailing circumstances, are likely to tighten even more the control they exert over large segments of the American economy, can act in a manner distinctly contrary to the public interest. Through the manipulation of prices, free from traditional competitive inhibitions, they can levy a monoply toll on the consumer.

During the last several months big business has been implored on several occasions to exercise restraint in its pricing practices. In each case the White House has met at best only very limited success, demonstrating that the enunciation of guidelines, backed up by no more than jaw-bone diplomacy, is insufficient to insure that the benefits of increasing productivity are passed along to the consumer. With labor productivity in many industries climbing more rapidly than in the economy generally (meaning that fewer manhours are required for a given amount of output), prices should be *reduced*, not just held at the existing level. Yet the best the Administration has been able to do – as in copper, aluminum, and molybdenum – is to block further price *increases*. (And in cigarettes, chemicals, and steel it has not even been able to accomplish that much.) A good example is provided by the auto industry. Last fall the car makers increased prices on the 1966 models even though labor productivity was rising so rapidly in the industry that the companies could have cut prices, with full allowances made for higher labor compensation and for the cost of installation of previously optional equipment. With continuing high prices and declining costs it is no wonder that GM and Ford profits rose steeply in 1965. Much the same situation is true of molybdenum. Under government pressure, American Metal Climax, on July 13, rescinded a proposed five percent price hike; nevertheless, prices remain high enough to give the corporation an estimated 30 percent return on its molybdenum investment (and an overall profit rate of 17 percent).

Recent price behavior in the major manufacturing industries shows that while the executives of powerful companies like to be regarded as part of the Great Society consensus, generally they give first priority to their own corporate well-being when making decisions about prices and other matters. To curtail the undesirable exercise of their power demands much stronger instruments of control than verbal admonition.

The problem of corporate power could be dealt with at its source by initiating a strong antitrust program that would check further economic concentration (the mere filing of a few cases against conglomerate mergers would alone be insufficient) and weaken the hold of the firms which presently dominate most of our major industries. But can an Administration that is wedded to big business undertake this kind of action when it would unquestionably be regarded by industry as a ground for divorce? If it cannot, and there is much evidence to suggest that is the case, the antitrust laws no longer can be regarded as a central instrument of economic policy.

The principal alternative means of checking corporate power is some sort of direct regulation. The possible techniques range from a system that would require big companies in concentrated industries to give formal advance notice of price increases and to provide evidence of justification, but that would leave them free to hike their prices if they wished (bills embodying this approach have been introduced in the 89th Congress by Representatives Celler and Reuss) to utility-like regulation that would call for detailed government control of prices. These proposals naturally raise many interesting questions, but any detailed examination would only be academic since the very thought of regulation is anathema to an Administration that is anxious to please business. It has steadfastly refused even to acknowledge the possibility that some day it might have to seek explicit statutory authority to back up its wage-price guidelines.

In the process of forming a New Partnership with big business, the harsh fact is that the present Administration has surrendered much of its ability to select the means that will protect the public from concentrated economic power. In effect, through adherence to the consensus philosophy it has become less a partner than a captive of big business. For the foreseeable future, therefore, the American corporate giants will be able to expand their position, at home and abroad, with considerable freedom, and to exert their power much as they wish. Without government protection the best the public can hope for is that big business will be charitable.

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Scholarship and Burning Issues

by Peter Marcuse

The phrase "War on Poverty" is perhaps unfortunate, but it suggests an analogy by which to review the latest contribution to the theoretical apologia of that war, Professor Oscar Ornati's *Poverty Amid Affluence*, a report on a research project carried out at the New School for Social Research.

Let us assume that two countries are really at war, and that after many years they both forget what the war is about but keep on fighting nevertheless. One of the weapons used, let us assume, was napalm, a relic of earlier wars. In time, some good-hearted people became concerned about the men, women and children who were being burned by the napalm, and decided to launch an anti-napalm campaign. First, they persuaded the Twenty-Second Century Fund to undertake a comprehensive and scientific study of the whole problem of burning. It, in turn, financed a study by the Old School for Even More Social Research on the problem of organic combustion. Committees were formed, a staff director was chosen, staff members and directors and committee members left for better paying jobs created as a result of their impartial researches and were replaced, and finally Professor Oscar J. Ornati XII assumed full responsibility for the project and brought it to a successful conclusion. The results were then published by the Twenty-Second Century Fund in a volume entitled, *Burning Amid Airconditioning*. For historical interest only, we shall, in the footnotes, point out parallels between that study and *Poverty Amid Affluence*.

Poverty Amid Affluence
by Oscar Ornati
(20th Century Fund; $2)

The napalm study began by briefly discussing the history of human burning, indicating that in previous times the problem had been seen as one of preventing fires, while the problem of adjusting the individual to being burned, and burning to the individual, had not been recognized.[1] The study then reviewed the voluminous data collected by the study staff of the Old School, and came to the conclusion that human burning could not be defined in absolute terms. One could not simply say, for instance, that so-and-so is burnt or so-and-so is not burnt; instead, the concept of a "burning band" was created, and burnt persons were divided into three categories; "toasted," "medium-well done," and "charred crisp." [2] It then counted the number of people, for each year in the preceding twenty, that were toasted, medium-well done, and charred crisp.

The study established first some "burning-related characteristics"; that is, characteristics which increased the "risk of being burnt." The characteristics were as follows:

1. Having charred skin;
2. Living in a city (particularly near an industrial area);
3. Living with parents with charred skins;
4. Having a sensitive skin;
5. Living in a house above ground rather than below ground;
6. Living in a house made of combustible materials.[3]

A combination of more than one characteristic in any one person, Professor Ornati XII found, increased his "risk of being burnt." For instance, a person living both in a town near an industrial area and living in a combustible house above ground ran a greater risk of being burnt than a person with just one of these characteristics. The statistical proof of this was derived by the use of the Pi co-efficient, which was defined scientifically as the cosine of 3.1416 times the square root of the number not toasted with the given characteristic times the number toasted without the characteristic, divided by the square root of the number toasted with the characteristic times the number not toasted without the characteristic plus the square root of the number not toasted with the characteristic times the number toasted without the characteristic.[4]

Summarizing this aspect of the study, the author concluded positively that the groups with the greatest likelihood of being burnt are also most likely to have their skin charred to a greater or lesser degree.[5]

The second part of the study explored in depth some of the significance of these "burning-related characteristics." Since the Pi co-efficient has shown burning to be correlated to certain "burning-related characteristics," burning was therefore the result of such special characteristics, rather than of the extent of bombing or of the use of napalm.[6] Although a strict logician might find one or two fallacies in the reasoning, not even the most old-fashioned thinkers could question the subsequent deduction that more people were burnt in certain areas than in other areas because not enough people

1 "From about 1900 to 1932, the fight against poverty was seen in terms of laws. . . . The problems of environment were recognized, those of adjusting the individual to it and it to the individual were not." P. 1

2 "Very low," "middle low," and "high low" income levels within the "poverty band." P. 43

3 "Head a non-earner
Head 65 or over
Rural farm
Female head
Non-white
Head 14 to 24 years of age
Six or more children under 18 years of age." P. 44

4 "$r = \text{cosine}\ [3.1416 \frac{\sqrt{bc}}{\sqrt{ad} + \sqrt{bc}}]$" P. 163

5 "The groups with a great likelihood of being poor are also most likely to be unemployed, underemployed, or ill-paid." P. 132.

6 "Income classes are not purely economic classes, but must be defined at the lower end . . . in terms of special situations and racial discrimination. . . . Their poverty is the result of specific circumstances, rather than of the rate, or of the changes in the rate, of economic activity." P. 50

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moved out of areas of such burning.[7]

Statistics disproved any direct correlation between bombing, napalm, and burnings. Temporary lulls in bombing did reduce moderately the number of those slightly toasted, but at the same time those charred crisp were even worse off, compared to the national average, than when the bombings were continuing. Thus, since being burnt was a relative fact, there was even a negative correlation between bombing and burning.[8] In any event, the "traditional" approach of men such as Keyserling XII, and Harrington XII, who would end the burning by ending the bombing, were "inescapably wrong."[9]

A review of existing and proposed cures for burns constituted the third part of the study. Both private treatment and public efforts were examined. Surprisingly, most of the treatment burnt persons received was self-administered;[10] as for public efforts, Professor Ornati XII disclaimed any desire to make definite recommendations, but did note that there was more first aid and less preventive treatment being administered than seemed desirable. He pointed out that preventive action now might save substantial amounts of first aid later, and put forward, with great modesty, the indisputable thesis that such preventive action should be directed at those with tender skins, living in wood houses, near industrial areas, and having a charred skin. As for preventive action aimed at ending the bombing or the use of napalm, the Professor stated that one might find the use of napalm without bombing, bombing without the use of napalm, and an absence of humans being burnt even where there was both bombing and napalm (although he neglected to point out where).[11] On the whole, he said, contemporary human burning did not seem to be the result of bombing.[12]

Toward the end, Professor Ornati XII determined it necessary to answer a very simple question that was being overlooked: whether human burning ever could be eliminated. In a sense, he concluded, it could not, since the definition of burning was to begin with relative, and therefore there would always be some who were more burnt than others. He did concede, however, that it might be possible to eliminate human burning in the sense of burning that really hurt badly; and, as a matter of fact, his study showed the precise cost of such elimination to be $41.9 billion a year.[13] Being a practical man as well as a skilled social scientist, he estimated that this cost was too great at that particular time,[14] and instead suggested that $20.9 billion, invested wisely in human resources, would at least reduce human burning to a reasonable level. And finally, he pointed out, somewhat contradictorily, society could actually eliminate burning now.[15]

When these studies and recommendations were finished by the study staff of the Old School, they were transmitted to the Twenty-Second Century Fund, which thought them important enough to publish. Professor Ornati XII was thanked for the valuable contribution he had made. He went to work as a research consultant to the high command of the Special Forces unit of one of the warring countries.

But after some years had passed, it was found that the type of research could be multiplied many fold by further use of computers. At first, conventional feeding of information, gathered by human researchers, into the machinery was continued; Number Quantitative Figure Products were derived, which solved many problems. They proved, for instance, that being burnt hurt; that it hurt at home as well as on the job; that burnt parents had less healthy children than unburnt persons; and, finally, and most significantly, that many burnt people felt helpless to do anything about their burns, from which it was deduced that education of burnt persons to help overcome their inner feeling of helplessness was the first order of the day.

Then a breakdown in a computer produced an amazing suggestion, so simple and logical that it was immediately adopted. Areas were roped off in each of the warring countries, and the computers themselves were placed in them. Instead of information and statistics on the nature of human burning being put into the machines, burnt humans were fed directly into them, and while they were thus not all completely cured, the number of complaints diminished sharply. As more persons in each country were burnt by napalm and exploding bombs, they were carried into the roped-in area and fed to the machines, and everyone on the outside lived happily ever after.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months, The New Republic will not appear on:

July 9 *July 23*
August 6 *August 20*

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated August 27

7 "The principal reason for the poverty of a large number of depressed areas is insufficient outmigration." P. 92

8 "Correlating Pi co-efficient for poverty, discussed earlier, with unemployment rates, [a] positive correlation between these two factors was found to exist at the highest of the three income levels used. On the other hand, at the lower levels *negative correlations were observed.*" P. 84

"The experience with class unemployment of the past decade belies the notion that 'The most effective remedy for all economic maladjustments causing structural or chronic unemployment is a healthy rate of economic growth. Under such conditions some readustments take place more or less automatically; other can be achieved more easily. . . .' *The contrary is the case.*" P. 87 *(italics added).*

9 "The current situation, as far as the relationship between poverty and unemployment is concerned, establishes one inescapable parameter: whatever the ultimate ranking, traditional means of pursuing a 'full employment policy' are not enough." P. 88.

10 "A larger proportion of the total anti-poverty tax burden is carried by those earning under $4,000 than by any other income class." P. 113

11 "We can have growth without full employment, full employment without growth, both without significant inroads on poverty, and the elimination of poverty without either." P. 129

12 ". . . On the whole we find contemporary poverty not to be the result of widespread imperfections in the society's economic mechanism." P. 37.

13 P. 122

14 "That the economy is affluent is clear; that it is not affluent enough, in its current performance, to provide everyone with what contemporary society deems minimally comfortable is also clear." P. 123.

15 "Present-day affluence makes it possible to do away with poverty." P. 130

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The Curious Theology of Kingsley Amis

by Lawrence Graver

Having achieved a reputation as an eccentric satirist of provincial manners, Kingsley Amis has produced in his latest novel an eccentric theology. The benevolent Providence who crowned Jim Dixon and transformed Jenny Bunn's defloration into a festival has now turned vicious; and Amis' people (often decent but comically inept) take on a new dignity stemming from their courageous efforts to deal with the malice of an unfamiliar God.

The Anti-Death League
by Kingsley Amis
(Harcourt, Brace; $4.95)

God's malignity has a military base. Several officers preparing for the top secret Operation Apollo at a camp in rural Britain are unsettled by suspicions of espionage in their ranks and by the horrifying ingenuity of their assignment (the details of which are kept from the reader until the close of the book). The main figure in this teasing spy story is the hapless Captain Leonard, a mechanically trained security officer born to follow false leads, whose attempt to solve the conspiratorial riddle provides the novel with its main line of action. Yet it is clear from the beginning that Amis is using the fashionable espionage story as a frame for other explorations. As the plot develops, the responsibility for terror becomes generalized, almost metaphysical, echoing Robert Frost's chilling question:

> "What but design of darkness to appall?/If design govern in a thing so small."

The image of a malevolent creator is familiar enough in modern literature. For Hardy, he can be a dotard given to jokes in bad taste; for Conrad, a failed artist, "perhaps a little mad," for Beckett, the inquisitorial father of decaying circus clowns. Amis, however, finds God a far less extravagant and theatrical figure; for the purposes of *The Anti-Death League* He fades into the background. What remains dominant is His creation: a world in which "a toothache is more powerful than an orgasm," contingency the only permanent order, and death the final, ambiguous gift. "I know there's nobody there," the hero says:

> "But there are such things as patterns, even when we know nobody willed them. Runs of bad luck, as I said. And a system that runs itself is still a system. You don't have to believe in a weather god to find a climate unbearable."

Most impressive in *The Anti-Death League* is Amis' ability to make his climate seem past bearing by mounting a series of gray, commonplace events: a cat scrimmages with a bird, a homosexual's eloquent proposition is spurned by a friend, a girl develops a small lump in her breast, a young courier is crushed under a lorry. These grim strokes accumulate, creating the pressures of claustrophobia and imminent menace, making people feel like flies "when the swatter comes down."

To convey the sense of threat most forcefully, Amis builds his novel around an elaborate metaphor drawn from the language of botany, pathology, astronomy, and thermonuclear war. Part One of the three-part structure is called "The Edge of a Node," and "node" is used in the expansive sense of a knot, a tumor, and a lethal place, "a bit of life it's death to enter." As the plot develops, each of the main characters is brought, by the ruthless logic of contingency, to various points at the edge or dead center of the node. Finally, when the frustration and violence become unendurable, someone anonymously writes an abusive poem against God (a hectoring address by the deity Himself "To a Baby Born Without Limbs"), founds *The Anti-Death League* ("incorporating Human Beings Anonymous"), and demolishes a local priory with an atomic rifle.

The novel's hero (though not the founder of the League) is James Churchill, a twenty-four-year-old lieutenant, soured by the discovery of gra-

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Ancient Oaxaca

Discoveries in Mexican Archeology and History

EDITED BY JOHN PADDOCK

For over thirty years, occasional discoveries in the state of Oaxaca have suggested the existence of a civilization of comparable importance to the Toltec and the Maya, but until recently we have had only isolated glimpses of a brilliant culture whose larger outlines were generally unknown even to most archeologists. New research has filled in the picture, and it now appears probable that the Indians of Oaxaca were the first Americans to domesticate plants, the first to practice writing, and the first to live in cities. Such distinguished scholars as Alfonso Caso, Ignacio Bernal, and Wigberto Jiménez Moreno have contributed to this book, the first devoted to the history and culture of ancient Oaxaca. It is illustrated with over 600 photographs, drawings, and maps, including 16 pages in full color. $18.50

Stanford University Press

tuitous cruelty and suspicious of theories about the blessings of fortitude and the redemptive qualities of suffering. Despite a powerful, innate capacity for joy, he feels overwhelmed by human frailty, as if "the necessity of getting through the ordinary way . . . were detuning his heart, screening and muffling its capacities." But, like Lucky Jim, who pledges to persist in thinking bad things bad, Churchill angrily refuses to accept meaninglessness: "Why should I? . . . No good reason. Lots of bad ones. Laxness and cowardice. Inability to concentrate on what's important." For a short time, he rediscovers joy by falling in love with Catherine Casement, a survivor of two broken marriages, now at the point of acknowledging that "there is nothing about her life that she liked." But the lovers are defenseless against life's only order – still another run of bad luck – and Catherine is hospitalized with cancer.

Churchill has a vision of "a geometrical replica of the lethal node he had described. . . . :

> "It was in the form of a broad horizontal disc, vague and granular at the periphery, thickening towards the middle. Through the exact centre a taut vertical thread ran both ways to mathematical infinity. You entered the node, or it moved across you, until you arrived at the thread. Thereafter, instead of moving or seeming to move on towards the farther edge of the disc, you could only move up or down the thread. Presumably if your motion across the disc were along a chord instead of along the diameter you could continue to travel laterally until you reached the far side of the circumference and emerged. [Five of his friends] were travelling along chords at varying distances from the center. But Catherine had been on the diameter and had reached the center and the thread. And he too, Churchill . . . was on the thread."

The mood, then, is dismal, lightened only occasionally by an act of self-assertion, or a familiar thrust of Amis' idiosyncratic humor. One character, in a delightfully drunken ambience, tries to become "inarticulate with dignity," or thinks that "only by having been to

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bed with somebody is it possible to attain the pitch of conversational intimacy that is needed as prelude to getting them into bed." Such humor, though familiar, is not terribly consoling. People can – in the words of the heroine – rise above God by refusing to employ the instruments of torture He has given them. But they remain fragile and without significant powers of self-determination. The sum of human pain, as Swift once said, is inestimable.

What is one to make, then, of a sour, philosophical Amis? The answer depends, in part, on where one placed his strengths to begin with. If you prefer the comedian with powers of anarchic laughter, *The Anti-Death League* is Amis without Andy, offering virtually nothing. There is a grotesque psychologist named Best, generically related to Bertrand Welch, and a few acerbic observations about the lunacy of military life, where traditions grow "like weeds after the rain." But the larger ironies of Operation Apollo transcend the comic, and the novel's virtues – as I have suggested earlier – are different.

If, however, you prefer Amis as a moralist, the case becomes more complicated. In earlier books like *Lucky Jim* and *Take a Girl Like You*, his most impressive achievements are local and specific, arising from the immediate impact of social pretense, fatuity, or comic self-revelation; and his most interesting theme has been the odd, often evasive way people muddle toward freedom against the restrictive effects of arbitrary social power. One trouble with *The Anti-Death League* is that the arbitrary power is no longer social but metaphysical, and Amis is less confident about its origins, more commonplace in his responses to its terror. Despite the strength and urgency of his convictions, he is not continually interesting on the subject of faith and the nature of evil. After several of the startling paradoxes wear off, his voice loses its characteristic doubleness, becoming morose and repetitious. Since the blame for the fate of the characters remains externalized, the strong air of complaint (invigorating at the start) grows tiresome from familiarity by the end of the novel. Instead of deepening, Amis' protest stays on one level, aimed at the same formidable target.

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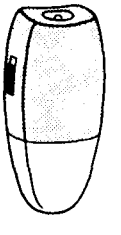

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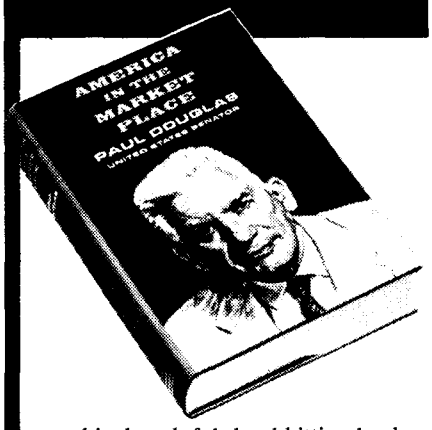

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made against the characters. Some years ago, Amis described a fully developed character as one viewed from "all points of the compass, with respect, irony, impatience, and sadness." Strange to say, the celebrated irony and impatience seems to be going out of his voice, at least as far as his attractive characters are concerned. With the exception of Best and Leonard, the people in *The Anti-Death League* are viewed with excessive sympathy, an unexpected indulgence from a writer who has often been labeled nasty. (In a self-conscious way, Amis seems to be using *The Anti-Death League* to announce new departures. Not only does he machine-gun L. S. Caton – who has passed *à la Hitchcock* in and out of the early novels – but he has compassionate things to say about homosexuals and classical music, two subjects much maligned by people in his previous fiction.)

The characters also suffer under the novel's brutal determinism and its heavy reliance on plot. In an early poem, Amis speaks of the tendency of narrators to forget the barbaric origins of the legendary material and to

> "change our cruelty/Into the quaint naughtiness of story."

One would want a different set of terms for Operation Apollo, but the point remains relevant. The multiple plot is so spectacular, so cunningly carried off, that the characters are finally flattened by their situations. The exigencies of story demand forty pages and the services of an unceremonious *deus ex machina* to tie things together (and quite literally, for he arrives at a maneuver by helicopter).

As an entertainment, inspiring uneasiness and making us care about the characters, *The Anti-Death League* is an assured success. As a book about complex people suffering under God's dark design, it is more vulnerable. The gain is in range and daring; the loss in surefootedness.

De Gaulle Among the Boswells

by Milton Viorst

As recently as 1964 I noted regretfully that a first-class biography of de Gaulle had yet to be written. I surmised at the time that biographers, being mortals, were perhaps intimidated by a figure so much larger than life, who consciously cultivated a quality of mystery, whose power eludes explanation in mortal terms. Now, within the last two years, the biographers have produced some half-dozen very competent lives of de Gaulle. I can't explain the deluge any better than the drought. But in it there is confirmed, though not for a lack of facts, what a difficult subject de Gaulle really is. What is so exasperating about reading the new biographies is that none has penetrated the Gaullist essence; that mysterious capacity to work political magic. Thus a first-class biography, a great deal to ask, is yet to be written. Perhaps, given the dimensions of the task, it never will be.

De Gaulle, A Political Biography
by Alexander Werth
(Simon & Schuster; $7.50)

No Laurels for de Gaulle
by Robert Mengin
translated by Jay Allen
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $6.95)

Alexander Werth, whose *De Gaulle* is thorough and workmanlike, brings to his subject thirty years of scholarship in French politics. This is his eighth book on modern France, his fourth on the Gaullist period. Yet, significantly, the freshest segment of the book proceeds from Werth's qualifications as a Russian scholar, which are equally impressive. His last work was *Russia At War 1941-5*. During his research for it, he examined some documents published in Russian by the Soviet Foreign Ministry. From them, he presents in *De Gaulle* information which throws at least a little new light on the man.

Werth quotes a report from a high Russian diplomat in 1941 who learned from an emissary that "General de Gaulle thinks . . . since France and the

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Soviet Union are continental powers, [they] have therefore different aims and problems from the Anglo-Saxon countries. . . . Victory over Germany will create for two countries like ours a number of problems which the Anglo-Saxon countries will neither understand nor consider. . . ." One would certainly be forgiven if, misreading the tense of a single verb, he mistook the quote as part of a statement made by de Gaulle during his visit to Moscow last month.

The Soviet documents reveal, Werth tells us, that de Gaulle wanted to send a Free French division to fight alongside the Russians on the Eastern Front. Even more intriguing, Werth has de Gaulle, at a moment when he was convinced that the Anglo-Saxons were about to snatch some French colonies, inquiring whether the Soviet government would admit him and his forces to its territory. Werth errs in asserting that de Gaulle's memoirs are silent on the incident. De Gaulle discusses it angrily, without disclosing the source of his information. He actually instructed his Free French colleagues to make ready to leave London – not for Russia but for Gaullist Africa. In the crisis, de Gaulle probably was seeking Russia's sympathy, not its hospitality. He would not have enjoyed being a client of Russia, any more than of Britain and the United States. Still, these documents give a picture of a relationship with the Russians that was much closer than hitherto suspected. Werth is clearly right in saying: "It is quite obvious from the diplomatic documents published by the Soviet Foreign Ministry in 1959 that Russia was in the very center of de Gaulle's attention. . . ."

The meaning of Werth's revelations, it seems to me, is in their demonstrating that de Gaulle's current Soviet policy cannot be dismissed – in the State Department manner – as pure expediency. De Gaulle's Europe has always included Russia, whatever he might intend for the land beyond the Urals. While Franklin Roosevelt dreamed of the happy new world he would *create* after Germany's defeat, Charles de Gaulle was reflecting on the *eternal* Europe and the role France would play once it was restored. He was surely reflecting on the stability that could be achieved by exploiting the identity of interests

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between Russia and France. With the sense of timing that serves him so magnificently, de Gaulle waited through twenty years of Cold War before making his move. Now, while the State Department looks on with dismay, he seeks to redeem in negotiations with Moscow what he regards as a fundamental geopolitical truth, one at least as fundamental as French-American friendship.

Werth, a man of the left, admires de Gaulle enormously. He recognizes that de Gaulle alone saved French republicanism in 1958, even if much of the French left continues to begrudge his having reformed it. Admittedly, the French left has had bad experiences with Bonapartism, of which there is a strong suggestion in de Gaulle. But French republicanism's dogmas, despite the blood spilled for them on the barricades, have become empty clichés in our day. By 1958, they had lost their validity, had taken on a Fascist tinge of their own and were leading straight to civil war. Whether or not de Gaulle is a *pure* republican may still be debated. But, for all his high-handedness, he preserved the substance of the Republic, while giving it a much needed change in style.

Being of the Gaullist left, Werth might expectably be anti-American and be forgiven for it. But he makes himself terribly tiresome by his innuendoes. I doubt, for instance, that Mme. de Gaulle, herself the epitome of the stuffy French bourgeoisie, was so indiscreet as to say that Mrs. Kennedy was *un peu vulgaire*. Nor do I see reason to believe, as Werth suggests, that de Gaulle sent the Mona Lisa to the United States to show Americans there were some things that dollars couldn't buy, especially since de Gaulle would undoubtedly remember, even if Werth did not, that French money brought the painting from Italy in the first place. That kind of foolishness, without a shred of evidence to back it, has no place in a serious work.

Robert Mengin's foolishness is such that *No Laurels for de Gaulle* cannot for a moment be considered a serious work. Mengin is the generic French intellectual, alienated from Gaullism. He has a perfect right to complain about the general. Quite correctly, he points out that de Gaulle is arrogant, Machiavellian, ungrateful, ill-tempered, self-centered, secretive and sarcastic. I suspect that de Gaulle would admit to all these traits, none of which are particularly admirable. But de Gaulle has never yearned to have "Nice Guy" engraved on his epitaph. Unlike a nearby President, he does not care about being loved. De Gaulle has more important objectives than winning the affection of a fastidious M. Mengin. One of them,

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for instance, has been the preservation of freedom of the press, which was rapidly eroding under the left and center of the last Republic. A General Franco, to say nothing of a Hitler, would not have issued a permit for a bitchy little book like Mengin's. That such a book was published in France – before arriving here in translation – confirms that de Gaulle has, despite the wails of the left, kept French liberties fundamentally intact. The Gaullist regime can use criticism but the Mengin diatribe serves to pay it tribute.

Well of Sensibility

by Martin Tucker

Trust is a long, leisurely, and literary novel, hearkening back to Henry James and E. M. Forster. The point of view is submerged and illuminated by another layer of meaning, another remove from the direct action. Its main character, a heroine who remains nameless, is a *voyeur* in a technical and symbolic sense: the moment in which she reflects, she changes her situation, and must react to the new situation that includes her reflections. Miss Ozick makes the point explicit when she has her heroine, returning from Europe, sum up her journey:

Trust
by Cynthia Ozick
(New American Library; $7.95)

> "If we were halfway to America, then we were halfway to Europe too; it was only a question of reversing the engines; it was only a question of point of view."

Miss Ozick attempts much, with style uppermost in her mind. Her characters are not so important in terms of what they do as in terms of the shadows they cast. It seems almost outrageous in the reversion to a tradition that reached its culmination in Joyce and Virginia Woolf. But Miss Ozick's style, though shaped by the ancient moderns – James, Forster, Joyce, Woolf, even a touch of parodied Lawrence – is not self-consciously imitative. The outstanding achievement of her first novel is its play with words, its love of paradox. She can produce a witticism like "he required money not to require it. That is a commonplace, not a subtlety. The disillusioned will understand. When hope is gone, it is good to be able to fall back on money"; or sum up a man like this:

> "He had something in him of the refugee, which was absurd, because he had been born in Chicago. But he was both visionary and resourceful, one of those 'interior' refugees of the kind which America throws off from time to time, adventurers who seem always to be fleeing some impracticable environment and the persecutions of ordinary life, who turn up all over the world practicing the cult of a single idea."

She has a great sense of fun; she is unmerciful in her descriptions of Allegra Vand, the most fascinating of all Miss Ozick's characters. Allegra Vand has so much money she doesn't know how to count it; it is, like everything else in her life, something that is there when she needs it. She cannot stand to be "ordinary" or bored or to take anything seriously. She knows that her enormous wealth gives her the privilege of exhibiting her lack of culture as ostentatiously as she wishes. She talks on and on, in some of the most zany and pathetic speeches in recent novels. She is an uproarious example of how a little insight can blind.

Allegra is also one of many characters who illustrate Miss Ozick's concept of the titular symbol, "trust." The trust fund sustains her, but her inability to trust people and thus inspire trust in them makes her life petty.

Allegra is the heroine's mother, and as the novel opens she is too busy in Paris buying dresses to attend her daughter's college graduation ceremony. When she does appear weeks later, she talks mainly about her current husband, Enoch, a man who is to go far in the

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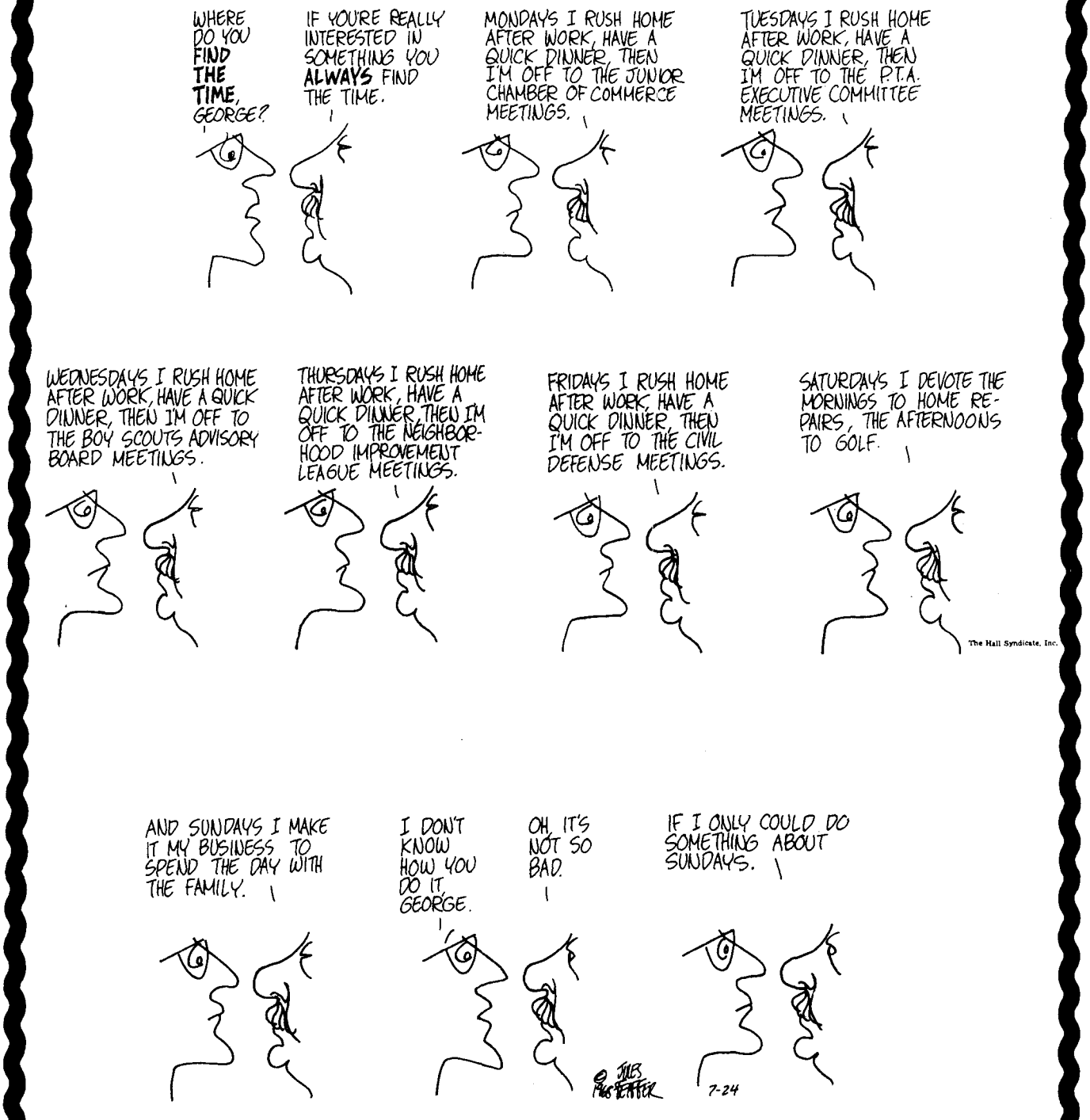
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diplomatic world until a revolution blows his reputation to bits. The one thing Allegra alludes to, but does not discuss, is the identity of her daughter's father. This mystery is the prop on which the novelistic structure depends. It justifies the flashback to Europe when the heroine was ten and saw her father for the second time in her life (he had left her and her mother shortly after the girl was born). It also provides for the amazingly skillful third section in which the daughter is told who her father is, and why his identity has been kept a secret. The revelation of the secret is given in the Jamesian manner: through the observation of a rich and virtuous, naïve and intelligent young lady in a corridor of power (the office of an important Wall Street lawyer). Thus the reader gets to know the father as the lawyer sees him, as his daughter imagines him, and as the daughter and lawyer conceive Allegra Vand must have loved him.

Sometimes the cleverness of her style is obtrusive; for example, her characters cannot resist a good pun. Yet punning and word-play are small vices in this brilliant first novel. Perhaps the women stylists are returning in force – Marguerite Young's *Miss MacIntosh My Darling* appeared last year, with the same thematic note of identity and literary allusiveness. Miss Ozick's novel is a shorter and much better work in the same key.

ART

The World of Queen Christina

Stockholm

The Council of Europe, that echo and memory of so many lost empires, congresses, alliances and ententes, that harbinger of reemerging unity, has been chiefly visible to most nonspecialists in the series of ambitious art exhibitions it has staged. The first were concerned with some crucial moment or other in European art, and produced shows and catalogues quite different from what would have been expected had the exhibitions been produced by any single nation among the lot. Three or four years ago, for instance, there was a big 19th-Century show, viewed as the gateway to modern times. The theme is familiar. In France it would have been totally French, leading up to the formation of the School of Paris. In America it would have stressed surrealism and led up to the climax of abstract expressionism. In the Council show, probably just because the ultimate responsibility rested upon a committee, a much broader territory was covered than one would have imagined. Nineteenth-Century Germans, Swiss and Italians were seen along with the French. The quality of the show wasn't necessarily improved by this broadening, but the viewer, as well as the reader of the excellent catalogue put together for the show, got a much truer picture of what European art was in those days than is normally given in courses on art appreciation.

It will readily be seen that the Council's purposes, despite its interest in art history, have been rather beyond art history. Art history has been stretched beyond its own conventions to survey the entire continent. Surely it is not fanciful to read the exhibition program as an exploration of European unity in the past on the part of a group dedicated to that exploration in the present and future. If such was the direction from the first, it became considerably clearer in the last show, a re-creation of the art and times of Charlemagne, who unified and created Europe all at a blow. This year's show, on view through October 16 at the National Museum, Stockholm, continues that new treatment. "Christina, Queen of Sweden," it is called, reminding us of the Garbo film, but subtitled, "A Personality of European Civilization," reminding us of the purposes of the Council.

Most of us think of Christina as one of those regnant persons – like Edward

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VIII in our own time – who, for personal reasons, opted out of European history and therefore out of its civilization to some extent, at least out enough not to be considered an important or significant European. The impression was strengthened by the Garbo film. We grew up, those of us who saw that as children, with the vague memory of a romantic queen who felt her queenship well lost for love.

There was a lot more to Christina, and the show at Stockholm makes it clear. She came along at a very crucial moment in the continuing drama of European unity and disunity; nor was her country then the somewhat aloof neutral it has mostly been in our century. Sweden was right at the center of European affairs, with Christina's father, Gustavus Adolphus, raging through Europe like a lion, posthumously taking Prague, the capital of the Empire, and "winning" the Thirty Years War as a victory for religious freedom for princes. The cost of the victory in 1648 was the more-or-less permanent division of Europe into North and South, Protestant and Catholic. Only now, really, are developments both ecclesiastical and diplomatic gradually healing the breach of the Thirty Years War.

Christina is now seen as an important "personality of European civilization" precisely because she recognized that split and its evils very early on. Gustavus died in battle in 1632, in the fourteenth year of the war. Ten years later, at eighteen, Christina assumed governorship of Sweden, but she was not formally crowned until 1650. Less than four years later she abdicated, left Sweden, turned Catholic and eventually settled in Rome.

Obviously, there was much more going on than all for love. In an age when religious ecumenicism was out of the question after thirty years of enthusiastic bloodletting in the name of the various Christianities, Christina made herself into a kind of one-woman cultural bridge between North and South, a role, incidentally, that her Sweden performs between East and West.

Moreover, she had invented this role for herself almost as a child, and years before the abdication. Her father, as was the custom in those days and as it continued to be for some centuries, regarded art and treasure as part of the legitimate spoils of war. He sent wagons and ships of artistic booty back to Stockholm and much of that has been reassembled for the exhibition. The Swedish accessions were especially rich from the fall of Prague and the young Christina was struck by the differences between crude, primitive native art in Sweden, much of which is in the show, and the highly civilized stuff pouring in from the battlefield. As queen she undertook the cultural "reformation" of her land and was immensely influential in the formation of Swedish scholarship and introducing such contemporaries as René Descartes, who died in Stockholm. She also changed Swedish taste profoundly, putting it into contact with the main, or Mediterranean, stream of European civilization just as the Peace of Westphalia was freezing that stream into two separate but equal currents.

She continued this course in Rome, after the abdication and exile. In the Catholic countries, and especially in papal Rome, she was hailed as a convert, but she threw herself into the cultural life of the time with wholehearted devotion to the higher worldliness. She was a music patron. One of the special joys of the Christina celebrations at Stockholm has been the performance, out at the court theatre at Drottingsholm, of Alessandro Scarlatti's *L'Honestà negli amori*, dedicated to Christina by her master of music.

The show brilliantly re-creates the Sweden of Christina's childhood and never hesitates to use theatrical means for so theatrical a monarch. There is most effective use of gigantic blow-ups of contemporary etchings of the queen and of such things as her theatre at Rome. The atmosphere of background Sweden, somewhat out of things, is poignantly re-created in the early part of the show.

But the main impact is in the reassembly of a good piece of the Queen's collections, both those at Stockholm and those at Rome. North and South are brought together in vivid contrast and in telling complement to each other. The angular strength of the whole platoon of Cranachs represents the new European vitality even as its ancient civilization and suavity comes through in the Titians, the Tintorettos, the Veroneses and the Raphaels.

It was Christina's passion to bring the two together into one unity, as it is the aim of the Council of Europe.

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Peter Marcuse is chairman of the Board of Directors of New Opportunities for Waterbury – the anti-poverty agency of Waterbury, Connecticut. Lawrence Graver *is on the English faculty at Williams College.* Milton Viorst *is the author of* Hostile Allies: FDR and de Gaulle. Martin Tucker *is a member of the English Department of Long Island University.*

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Correspondence

Nize baby, et op all your Robbe-Grillet!

Sirs:

I have been reading Richard Gilman's reviews these last few months but until he tracked and ran Edmund Wilson to earth in your pages (July 2), I couldn't quite decide why he had disturbed and offended me all along. Perhaps what set me off was the gratuitous flick at the academic harpooners of *Moby Dick* in the Wilson piece, but it's unlikely, after suffering such journalistic jollying as long as I have, that this alone would have finally bestirred me. My impatience with Gilman goes deeper than this. Besides, enough blague *is* heard in the classroom and printed (who reads it?) in the journals about *Moby Dick*, among other picked-over favorites – but certainly enough appears as well in the non-academic media. Just writing about one's contemporaries does not assure a high order of criticism. Non-criticism can be written about the work hot out of the bindery, although among journalist reviewers, unless the writer is "abreast of literature," is "interpreting his own times," as they say, unless – as it obviously is for Gilman – the work under consideration is sufficiently *dernier cri*, the exalted culture-labor of literary criticism is not being performed.

So I decided to do a little tracking of my own – of *Gilman* (the "tracker tracked" – is that sufficiently raffiné for the modern taste?); I think I know now why he irritates me even though, oddly, I have read his articles with great attention and a real, if somewhat envious, respect for his intelligence and style. He writes as though no one before him had recognized precisely what the themes and processes of modern literature are. A man with a red hot thesis to prove, he must dispose of the competition, such as Wilson, who saw it all years ago. . . . Having discovered – rather late – that "literature has become its own reality," that literature "is not knowledge but creation," he tripped over Edmund Wilson's *Axel's Castle* in which the fundamental tendencies of post-romantic literature are already described and in which, it might be added, the *cul-de-sac* excesses of much contemporary work and thought (Robbe-Grillet, Sarraute, Sontag, et al.) are anticipated. At this point he found he had to "deal with" Wilson, and so the "tracking" began. If I were supervising a thesis, I would probably understand and overlook it, but in the work of one with pretensions to the stature of a Wilson, it just doesn't pass muster. Wilson didn't make his reputation by stepping on the slain bodies of other critics – he didn't feel he had to *prove* he'd beaten the big guys. So while *Axel's Castle* was a "leap beyond the kind of criticism which resists the new," as Gilman says,

> ". . . yet it was a leap with a long backward and nostalgic glance. . . . For all Wilson's enormously intelligent insight . . . one feels in *Axel's Castle* a peculiar reluctance to see all the way, to accept, for example, that the novel is never again to be Balzacian or poetry Keatsian. One also feels a nagging suspicion that this new literature may not be all for mankind's good. It is not the skepticism of the rigorous critic, prepared to challenge the new if it is simply that, but rather, it seems to me [what happened to "one feels," and the "we think" that he is also so fond of?], the doubtfulness and defensiveness of a man committed by temperament and background to what is fundamentally a different view of literature's purposes and possibilities than is represented by the writers his intelligence tells him to admire."

But then to offer Wilson's complaint about the "*longueurs* which break our backs, the mechanical combinations of elements which fail to coalesce," in Joyce and Proust, as evidence of Wilson's mistaking Joyce's and Proust's intention (was it the same?); to say that Wilson's feeling that Proust was "gloomy" is "to make the classic split between style or form and content" (talk about college English instructors!); to say, finally, from evidence like this, that Wilson wants from these writers: "optimism, order, verisimilitude, the simulacra of on-going, hopeful, progressive, humane public life, dignified as art. . . ." is just plain extraordinary – too big a leap for me to

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make. (He can really write up a storm, too, can't he?) Gilman simply doesn't make a very good case, "we think," and has committed the "classic error" of thinking something true because one wants very badly for it to be true. He hasn't slain Wilson after all, so far as I am concerned.

More serious than this error from pride and envy is one that derives from ignorance, one that typically accompanies the avant-garde preciousness, the last-word stretching for the modern and innovative that Gilman (like the whole brotherhood of the journalist-critic) uses against his elders, but especially against the academician-teacher. At least Wilson, were he still interested in writing about Sarraute, Robbe-Grillet, and now Moravia, would not have treated them as though they represented an altogether fresh departure in fiction. "A Novel About Itself," is the title of a review by Gilman of Moravia's *The Lie* (*N.Y. Times Book Review*, June 26). He writes about Moravia as a "metaphysical novelist," one who, no longer "interested in behavior as such, nor in social complexity, nor even in moral drama," is writing the "new species of fiction about consciousness [that] replaces additional narrative suspense." Wilson would know that this isn't a new species at all and that it goes back beyond even Joyce and Proust. . . . Perhaps if Gilman . . . had not "rushed into print," as we in the academy are fond of saying, if he had learned from Wilson the study and scholarship that are necessary for criticism, he would not be so awed by this grand insight. *Everything* he reads now, that is, since the "idea" took hold, since he learned how to read and what a novel is, is "immensely significant." Well, it may be but it seems that more often than not it's "immensely significant" only to Gilman's own education and not to aesthetic, literary insight and knowledge. He would have known, for instance (and the avant-garde is peculiarly blind to American literature), that the problem of art versus life and the question of reality which Moravia's "novelist" anguishes over is precisely the situation of Isaac McCaslin, in Faulkner's *The Bear*, who tries to live a poem of life; only Faulkner does it far less self-consciously, without the intellectual precocity of the more avant-garde, in a powerfully tragic work that "moves," as Wilson might say, that doesn't suffocate us in that breathless cork-lined room of *l'art pour l'art*. (Indeed, I wonder if, say, Robbe-Grillet would have been possible without Faulkner?) Maybe intellectuals should stick to writing criticism and leave the writing of fiction to the novelists? Why must we be bored silly before we recognize something as "immensely significant"?

Which brings me back to Wilson whom Gilman drums out of the corps because he yawned at times (and admits it) during *Ulysses*, *Finnegans Wake*, and *Remembrance of Things Past*. Gilman apparently wants a kind of party-line discipline in the ranks. Admit once that even Joyce nods occasionally and you're accused of the vilest treachery: literary Trotskyism or some form of Tito-revisionist blasphemy. The same kind of blindness is involved. Wilson's strictures against the post romantics are not nostalgia for Anatole France ("bourgeois sentimentalism"), they are not moved by an old-fogey idea of literature as "heightened psychology" or "dramatized soci-

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ology" (name-calling! all or nothing; for us or agin us – God!), by a "different view of literature's purposes and possibilities" (can he *mean* it?). They come rather from possibly the sense of the doom of literature and sensibility in the excruciated formal and personal inward-turning of art and intelligence into the *mirror* of art, which produces the self-entombed (as Poe clearly warned us) novel as well as novelist – a condition in which Georges Riviere said three-fourths of the art object is in the writer's *head*, not on the page. . . . What's *wrong* with seeing that certain directions in thought and literature "may not be all for mankind's good"? Maybe a *Beyond Interpretation*, as well as the literature it is partisan to, is finally that death in life, that "Fall of the House of Usher," which Wilson and Eliot, in "From Poe to Valery," anticipated and drew back from?

Maybe this is why Mr. Wilson has posed as old-fogey, has withdrawn into "writing as history, as sociology, as biography or as usage and grammar." He's been there before. Erich Kahler, in his *The Tower and the Abyss*, speaks of the extraordinary advances in sensibility that were made by the post romantics but at the expense of human sensitivity. Perhaps this vision, remarkably foreseen by Poe and Hawthorne, among others, that horror of dehumanized man in the totally aestheticized sensibility, *ought* to figure more prominently in our criticism. A criticism without a moral and philosophical base – the scrupulously *objective* "skepticism of the rigorous critic" that Gilman berates Wilson for not having possessed – is part of this vision exactly. I think I, myself, am not so much being quaintly nostalgic, not so much old-fogeyish in all this, as simply scared stiff of the possibilities in Sontag, Robbe-Grillet, and now, apparently, Gilman. Don't rush into print, Mr. Gilman, for more reasons than one! Come talk to us banal, simple-minded, symbol-mongering college English instructors of *Moby Dick* so as to deepen and humanize what promises to be a "first-rate" book of criticism.

Herbert A. Perluck
English Department
Brooklyn College
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Men Without Guns

Sirs:

In his essay-review of Tanham's *Men Without Guns* (July 30) I. F. Stone advances the proposition that Americans cannot function as revolutionaries in underdeveloped countries because we have a natural affinity for the landlord class. For this reason we fail to initiate thoroughgoing land reform programs. In supporting his contention Mr. Stone contrasts the inadequate program in Vietnam with the very pervasive and successful ones in Japan and in Formosa. Has Mr. Stone forgotten that American advisers presided over both of them? It seems to me that this is a case of an ingenuously developed generalization being overturned by a couple of inconvenient facts.

Harold R. Hogstrom
Levittown, Pa.

Sirs:

Mr. Stone's review, "Why We Fail as Revolutionaries," seems to lack a certain necessary historical perspective, though he himself claims such perspective is necessary for understanding our *actions in Vietnam and elsewhere*. First of all, landlord-based political regimes have in the past produced some extreme examples of land reform. Mr. Stone cites the repressive regime of Nicholas I as representative of the policies of such regimes. He should have looked further into the history of Russian land policies. Had he done so he would have found that the emancipation of the serfs and the land reforms of the 50's and 60's, followed later by the Stolypin reforms, had produced such a state of peasant acceptance (and acquiescence) *of the Tsar's regime, now only slightly* landlord-based, that Lenin himself despaired of producing a revolution – until the First World War saved him. He might also have discovered Jerome Blum's excellent study of *Lord and Peasant in Russia* over a thousand-year period, in which it is concluded that both economic and political factors were important in determining the structure of land control, but that the political tended to dominate the economic when the two conflicted.

Extreme instances of land reform are definitely possible under the most repressive regimes, most especially when there is a political crisis. Vietnam faces an extreme political crisis; it does not have a highly repressive regime; it does not have an extreme imbalance in land distribution; and it has the immense foreign-aid (and pressure) of the US to help bring about such land reform. These are all excellent reasons for expecting success in land reform, if the military situation allows time for such fundamental social changes.

Jack D. Douglas
Princeton University

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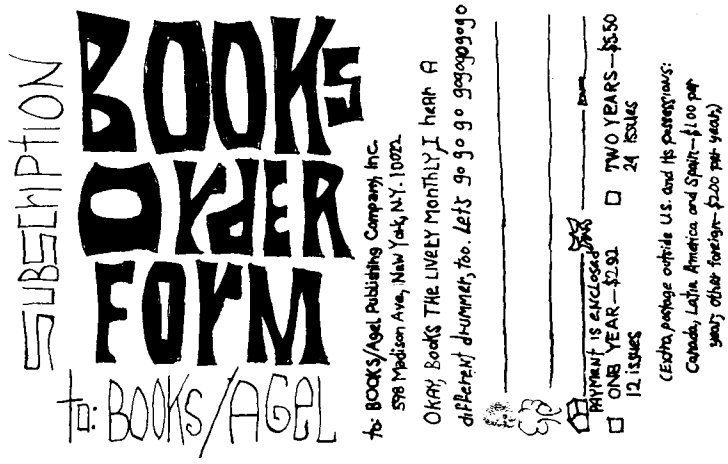
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—Did Hemingway know "Hotch" was recording him?
—"American little magazines are for the most part utterly pointless."
—Evelyn Piper, the mystery-story writer, says that it was while watching Carol Lynley on television that she got the idea for "Hanno's Doll." "As I watched her pretty face, I saw something evil along with her beauty."
—"Ho Chi Minh's Daughter" is making book-publishing rounds.
—"I asked her why she was riding with Quincy and she told me that he had been trying to mess with her."
—To live in dignity or not to live in dignity—you would think there'd be no question. But there is, and it's being hotly debated, for the full question is, "Should all Americans receive an income from the government sufficient to live in dignity whether they hold jobs or not?"
—Eros spelled backwards is sore.
—Who said book advertising isn't ingenious?
—Wearing an elephant mask, Wolf Vostell returned to America.
—Certain categories of individuals are so located in the social structure that they are barred from legitimate access to the ladder of achievement.
—Henry Miller meets Gypsy.
—Though Robert Brustein is without it, he's with it.
—Information explosion challenges book publishing.
—Happiness is Loxfinger My Son the Santa Claus.
—Two new Michelangelo discoveries.
—Ammons waxes poetic on life on the campus.
—Biba's, the great atmospheric boutique center of the world.
—Simone de Beauvoir: She Never Takes the Easy Way Out.
—Last known photograph of God.
—Dirty Books: They've Gone the Way of all Flesh.
—Charles Schulz, Peanuts' creator: "I used to wonder why Jesus did not deal more humorously with situations. Now I think perhaps he did. It isn't possible for a humorless person to be so attractive to people. Jesus was invited to meals by outsiders—he must have been fun to be around, interesting. . . ."
—In the winter of her discotheque.
—Not long ago if you wanted to seize power, it was enough to have control of the army and the police. But this already belongs to prehistory.
—"A state of grace . . . like an escaped ski . . ." for Leonard Cohen.
—Life at the bottom of the book biz.
—Bag Ladies are college graduates, usually English Lit. majors, who spend 9 to 5 putting books into No. 5 Jiffy Book Bags and sending them Special 4th Class Rate to God, in all her wrath, knows where.
—They admire Anne Halley's poems "tremendously" and as "an indispensible poetic parallel to the work of Hannah Arendt."
—Mailer trendexes Soupy Sales.
—David Sarnoff Blooms in Nighttime—"Hello, Molly!"—or, in the words of Sargent Shriver, "Writing a book is tougher than playing touch football."
—At home with the Hitlers.
—Those #&*+@%#$÷"&+ court decisions.
—Auto Industry: "Petite Eichmannism."
—Anent the "Gay" novel.
—First problem in creativity is to have material to organize. Tidiness comes later.
—The old man of the sea was Anselmo Hernandez.
—Jerzy Kosinski, a painted bird, tries on New York for size.
—Jan Cremer, "too much for Europe," tries on New York for size.
—Lots of pun at film version of "Finnegans Wake."
—"Hello, Mrs. Adams, Sukarno calling."
—Judgment against Little, Brown alerts publishers to plagiarism problems.
—At coffeetablebookgivingtime, check how The New Yorker and Playboy magazines handle cartoons on the same subject.
—Underground Films: "Respectable professionalism is oozing out."
—Errare Humanum Est.

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